H. VIII.

CVPIDS REVENGE.

AS IT VVAS OFTEN Acted (with great applause) by the Children of the Reuells.

Written by { FRAN. BEAVMONT & IO. FLETCHER } Gentlemen.

The second Edition.

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12

Cupid.
Leontius, the olde Duke of Lycia.
Leucippus, ſonne to the Duke.
Iſmenus, Nephew to the Duke.
Telamon, a Lycian Lord.
Dorialus, *Agenor*, *Niſus*, } Courtiers.
Timantus, a villanous ſycophant.
The Prieſt of *Cupid*.
Foure young men and Maydes.
Nilo, ſent in Commiſſion to pull downe *Cupids* Image.
Zoilus, *Leucippus* Dwarfe.
Foure Citizens.

Hidaſpes, daughter to the Duke.
Cleophila and *Hero* her Attendants.
Bacha, a ſtrumpet.
Vrania, her daughter.
Bachaes Mayde.
Vraniaes Mayde.
Seruants and Attendants.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

CVPIDS REVENGE.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus.

Agenor.

TRuſt me my Lord *Dorialus*, I had miſt of this if you had not call'd me; I thought the *Princeſſes* birth day had beene to morrow.

Niſus. Why, did your Lordſhip ſleepe out the day?

Dor. I marueil what the *Duke* meant to make ſuch an idle vow.

Nis. Idle, why?

Dor. Is't not idle, to ſweare to graunt his Daughter any thing ſhe ſhall aske on her birth day? ſhe may aske an impoſſible thing: and I pray heauen ſhee doe not aske an vnfit thing at one time or other; tis dangerous truſting a mans vow vpon the diſcretion on's daughter.

Age. I wonder moſt at the *Marqueſſe* her Brother who is alwaies vehemently forward to haue her deſires graunted.

Dor. Hee's

Dor. Hee's acquainted with 'em before.
Age. Shee's doubtlesse very chaste and vertu-
Dor. So is *Leucippus* her Brother. (ous
Nis. Shee's twenty yeere old, I wonder
She aske not a Husband.
Dor. That were a folly in her, hauing refus'd all the
Great Princes in one part of the world;
Sheele dye a Maide.
Age. She may aske but once, may she?
Nis. A hundred times this day if she will;
And indeed, euery day is such a day, for though
The *Duke* has vow'd it onely on this day,
He keepes it euery day: he can deny
Her nothing.

Cornets.

Enter Hidaspes, Leucippus, Leontius, Timantes, Tellamon.

Leon. Come faire *Hidaspes*, thou art
Dutchesse to day,
Art thou prepard to aske, thou knoweſt
My oath will force performance.
And *Leucippus*, if she now aske ought that shall,
Or would have performance
After my death, when by the helpe of heauen,
This Land is thine, accurſed be thy race,
May euery one forget thou art my sonne,
And so their owne obedience.
Leuci. Mightie Sir,
I doe not wish to know that fatall houre,
That is to make me King, but if I doe,
I shall most haſtily (and like a sonne)
Performe your graunts to all, chiefely to her:
Remember that you aske what wee
Agreed vpon.

Leon. Are

Leon. Are you prepar'd? then speake.
Hida. Most Royall Sir, I am prepard,
Nor shall my will exceed a Virgins bounds,
What I request shall both at once bring
Me a full content.
Leon. So it euer does:
Thou onely comfort of my feeble age,
Make knowne thy good desire,
For I dare sweare thou lou'st me.
Hidas. This is it I begge,
And on my knees. The people of your Land,
The *Lycians*, are through all the Nations
That know their name, noted to haue in vse
A vaine and fruitlesse Superstition;
So much more hatefull, that it beares the shew
Of true Religion, and is nothing else
But a selfe-pleasing bold lasciuiousnes.
Leon. What is it?
Hidas. Many Ages before this,
When euery man got to himselfe a trade,
And was laborious in that chosen course,
Hating an idle life, farre worse then death:
Some one that gaue himselfe to wine and sloth,
Which breed lasciuious thoughts;
And found himselfe conioynd
For that by euery painefull man,
To take his staine away, framde to himselfe
A *god*, whom he pretended to obey,
In being thus dishonest, for a name
He call'd him *Cupid*. This created *god*,
Mans nature being euer credulous
Of any vice that takes part with his blood,
Had ready followers enow: and since
In euery age they grew, especially
Amongst your Subiects, who doe yet remaine
Adorers of that drowsie Deitie:

Which drinke inuented : and the winged Boy,
(For so they call him) has his sacrifices.
These loose naked statues through the Land,
And in euery Village, nay the Palace
Is not free from 'em. This is my request,
That these erect obscene Images :
May be pluckt downe and burnt : and euery man
That offers to 'em any sacrifice, may lose his life.

Leon. But be aduis'd my fayrest daughter, if he bee
A god, he will expresse it vpon thee my childe :
Which heauen auert.

Lencip. There is no such Power :
But the opinion of him fills the Land
With lustfull sinnes : euery young man and mayd
That feele the least desire to one another,
Dare not suppresse it, for they thinke it is
Blinde *Cupids* motion : and he is a god.

Leon. This makes our youth vnchaste. I am resolu'd :
Nephew *Ismenus*, breake the Statues downe
Here in the Palace, and command the Citie
Doe the like, let Proclamations
Be drawne, and hastily sent through the Land
To the same purpose.

Ismen. Sir, I will breake downe none my selfe,
But I will deliuer your command :
Hand I will haue none in't, for I like it not.

Leon. Goe and command it. Pleasure of my life,
Wouldst thou ought else? Make many thousand suits,
They must and shall be graunted.

Hid. Nothing else. *Exit Ismenus.*

Leon. But goe and meditate on other suites,
Some sixe daies hence Ile giue thee audience againe,
And by a new oath binde my selfe to keepe it :
Aske largely for thy selfe, dearer then life
In whom I may be bold to call my selfe,
More fortunate then any in my age,

I will

I will deny thee nothing.

Leu. T'was well done Sister.

Exeunt all but these three Lords.

Nis. How like you this request my Lord?

Dor. I know not yet I am so full of wonder,
We shall b. gods our selues shortly,
And we pull 'em out of heauen o' this fashion.

Age. We shall haue wenches now when we can
Catch 'em, and we transgresse thus.

Nis. And we abuse the gods once, tis a Iustice
We should be held at hard meate: for my part,
Ile e'ne make ready for mine owne affection,
I know the god incenst, must send a hardnes
Through all good womens hearts, and then we haue
Brought our eggs and muskadine to a faire market:
Would I had gin an 100. pound for a tolleration,
That I might but vse my conscience in mine
Owne house.

Dor. The *Duke* hee's old and past it, he would
Neuer haue brought such a plague vpon the land else,
Tis worse then Sword and Famine:
Yet to say truth, we haue deserv'd it, we haue lin'd
So wickedly, every man at his liuery, and wou'd that
Wou'd haue suffic'd vs: we murmurd at this
Blessing, that was nothing; and cride out to the
God for endlesse pleasures, he heard vs,
And supplyed vs, and our women were new still
As we need 'em: yet we like beasts still cride,
Poore men can number their woers, giue vs
Abundance: we had it, and this curse with all.

Age. Berlady we are like to haue a long Lent ont,
Flesh shall be flesh: now Gentlemen I had rather
Haue angred all the gods then that blinde Gunner.
I remember once the people did but slight him
In a sacrifice: and what followed?
Women kept their houses, grew good huswiues

Honeſt forſooth, was not that fine?
Were their owne faces,
Though they weare gay cloathes without ſuruaying:
And which was moſt lamentable,
They Lou'd their husbands.
Nis. I doe remember it to my griefe,
Young Maydes were as cold as Cowcum-(bers
And much of that complexion:
Bawds were aboliſht: and to which miſery
It muſt come againe.
There were no Cuckolds,
Well, wee had neede pray to keepe theſe
Diuels from vs,
The times grow miſchieuous.
There he goes, Lord!

Enter one with an Image.

This is a ſacriledge I haue not heard of:
Would I were gelt, that I might not
Feele what followes.
Age. And I too. You ſhall ſee within theſe
Few yeeres a fine confuſion i'the countrey, marke it:
Nay, and we grow for to deſpoſe the Powers,
And ſet vp Chaſtitie againe, well I haue done.
A fine new Goddeſſe certainely, whoſe bleſsings
Are hunger and hard bedds.
Nis. This comes of fulnes, a ſin too frequent with vs
I beleeue now we ſhall find ſhorter commons.
Dor. Would I were married, ſomwhat has ſome ſa-(uour
The race of Gentry will quite run out now,
Tis onely left to husbands: if younger ſiſters
Take not the greater charitie tis lawfull.
Age. Well, let come what will come,
I am but one, and as the plague falles, (found.
Ile ſhape my ſelfe: If women will be honeſt, Ile be

If

If the *god* be not too vnmercifull,
Ile take a little ſtill where I can get it,
And thanke him, and ſay nothing.

Niſ. This ill winde yet may blow the Cittie good,
And let them (if they can) get their owne children.
They haue hung long enough in doubt: but howſoeuer, the old way was the ſurer, then they had 'em.

Dor. Farewell my Lords, Ile e'ne take vp what Rent I can before the day, I feare the yeere will fall out ill.

Age Weele with you Sir: And loue ſo fauour vs,
As we are ſtill thy ſeruants. Come my Lords,
Lets to the *Duke*, and tell him to what folly
His doting now has brought him. *Exeunt.*

Prieſt of Cupid, with foure young men and Maydes.

Prieſt. Come my children, let your feete,
In an euen meaſure meete:
And your cheerefull voyces riſe,
For to preſent this Sacrifice
To great *Cupid*, in whoſe name,
I his *Prieſt* begin the ſame.
Yong men take your Loues and kiſſe,
Thus our *Cupid* honourd is.
Kiſſe againe, and in your kiſsing,
Let no promiſes be miſsing:
Nor let any Mayden here,
Dare to turne away her eare,
Vnto the whiſper of her Loue,
But giue Bracelet, Ring or Gloue,
As a token to her ſweeting,
Of an after ſecret meeting:
Now boy ſing, to ſticke our hearts
Fuller of great *Cupids* darts.

Song.

Song.

LOuers reioyce, your paines shall be rewarded,
The god of loue himselfe grieues at your crying:
No more shall frozen honour be regarded,
Nor the coy faces of a maids denying.
No more shall Virgins sigh, and say we dare not,
For men are false, and what they doe they care not,
All shall be well againe, then doe not greene,
Men shall be true, and Women shall beleeue.

Louers reioyce, what you shall say henceforth,
When you haue caught your Sweet-hearts in your armes,
It shall be accounted Oracle, and worth:
No more faint-hearted Gyrles shall dreame of harmes.
And cry they are too young: the god hath said,
Fifteene shall make a Mother of a Mayd:
Then wise men, pull your Roses yet vnblowne,
Loue hates the too ripe fruite that falles alone.

The Measure.

After the Measure Enter Nilo and others.

Nilo. No more of this: here breake your Rights for euer,
The *Duke* commands it so; Priest doe not stare,
I must deface your temple, though vnwilling,
And your *god Cupid* here must make a Scarcrow
For any thing I know, or at the best,
Adorne a Chimney-peece.

Priest. O Sacriledge vnheard of!

Nilo, This will not helpe it, take downe the Images
And away with 'em.
Priest change your coat you had best, all seruice now
Is giuen to men: prayers aboue their hearing

Will

Will prooue but bablings; learne to lye, and thriue,
Twill prooue your beſt profeſſion: for the gods,
He that liues by 'em now, muſt be a begger.
There's better holineſſe on earth they ſay,
Pray God it aske not greater ſacrifice. Goe home,
And if your god be not deafe as well as blinde,
He will ſome ſmoake for it.

Gent. Sir ——

Nilo. Gentlemen there is no talking,
This muſt be done and ſpeedily;
I haue commiſſion that I muſt not breake.

Gent. We are gone, to wonder what ſhall followv.

Nilo. On to the next Temple. *Exeunt.*

Cornets. *Deſcendit Cupid.*

Cupid. Am I then ſcornd? is my all-doing will
And power, that knowes no limit, nor admits none,
Now look't into by leſſe then gods? and weakned
Am I, whoſe Bow ſtrooke terror through the earth,
No leſſe then Thunder, and in this, exceeding
Euen gods themſelues; whoſe knees before my Altars
Now ſhooke off; and contemd by ſuch, whoſe liues
Are but my recreation! anger riſe,
My ſufferance and my ſelfe are made the ſubiect
Of ſinnes againſt vs. Goe thou out diſpleaſure,
Diſpleaſure of a great god, flying thy ſelfe
Through all this Kingdome: ſowe what euer euills
Proud fleſh is taking of, amongſt theſe Rebels;
And on the firſt heart that deſpiſe my Greatneſſe,
Lay a ſtrange miſery, that all may know
Cupids reuenge is mightie; vvith his arrow,
Hotter then plagues or mine ovvne anger, vvill I
Novv Nobly right my ſelfe: nor ſhall the prayers
Nor ſvveete ſmokes on my Altars hold my hand,
Till I haue left this a moſt vvretched Land. *Exit.*

Enter Hidaſpes, and Cleophila.

Hidaſ. *Cleophila*, what was he that went hence,
Cleo. What meanes your Grace now?
Hidaſ. I meane that hanſome man,
That ſomething more then man I met at dore.
Cleo. Here was no hanſome man.
Hida. Come, hee's ſome one
You would preſerue in priuate, but you want
Cunning to doe it, and my eyes are ſharper
Then yours, and can with one neglecting glaunce,
See all the graces of a man. Who was't?
Cleo. That went hence novv?
Hidvſ. That went hence now: I, he,
Cleo. Faith here was no ſuch one as your Grace thinks.
Zoylous your Brothers Dwarfe went out but now.
Hidaſ. I thinke twas he: how brauely he paſt by!
Is he not growne a goodly Gentleman?
Ceo. A goodly Gentleman Madame!
He is the moſt deformed fellow i'the Land.
Hidaſ. O blaſphemy! he may parhaps to thee
Appeare deform'd, for he is indeed
Vnlike a man: his ſhape and colours are
Beyond the art of Painting; he is like
Nothing that we haue ſeene, yet doth reſemble
Apollo, as I oft haue fancied him,
When riſing from his bedd he ſturres himſelfe,
And ſhakes day from his hayre.
Cleo. He reſembles *Apolles* Recorder.
Hidaſ. *Cleophila*, goe ſend a Page for him,
And thou ſhalt ſee thy error, and repent. *Exit Cleo.*
Alas what doe I feele, my blood rebells,
And I am one of thoſe I vſ'd to ſcorne,
My mayden-thoughts are fledde againſt my ſelfe?
I harbour Trayters in my Virginitie.

That

That from my child-hood kept me company,
Is heauier then I can endure to beare:
Forgiue me *Cupid*, for thou art a god,
And I a wretched creature; I haue sinn'd,
But be thou mercifull, and graunt that yet *Enter Cleo.*
I may enioy what thou wilt haue me, Loue, *Enter Zoy.*

Cleo. *Zoylous* is heere Madame.

Hida. Hee's there indeed.
Now be thine owne Iudge; see thou worse then mad,
Is he deformed? looke vpon those eyes,
That let all pleasure out into the world,
Vnhappy that they cannot see themselues.
Looke on his hayre, that like so many beames,
Streaking the East, shoot light ore halfe the world.
Looke on him all together, who is made
As if two Natures had contention
About their skill, and one had brought foorth him.

Zoyl. Ha, ha, ha: Madame, though Nature
Hath not giuen me so much
As others in my outward shew;
I beare a heart as loyall vnto you
In this vnsightly body (which you please
To make your myrth) as many others doe
That are farre more befriended in their births:
Yet I could wish my selfe much more deformed
Then yet I am, so I might make your Grace
More merry then you are, ha, ha, ha.

Hidas. Beshrew me then if I be merry;
But I am content whilst thou art with me:
Thou that art my Saint,
By hope of whose milde fauour I doe liue
To tell thee so: I pray thee scorne me not;
Alas: what can it adde vnto thy worth
To tryumph ouer me, that am a Mayd?
Without deceit, whose heart doth guide her tongue,
Drownd in my passions; yet I will take leaue

To call it reaſon that I dote on thee.
Cleo. The *Princeſſe* is beſides her Grace I thinke,
To talke thus with a fellow that will hardly
Serue i'th' darke when one is drunke.
Hidaſ. What anſwere wilt thou giue me?
Zoy. If it pleaſe your Grace to ieſt on, I can abide it.
Hidaſ. If it be ieſt, not to eſteeme my life,
Compard with thee: If it be ieſt in me,
To hang a thouſand kiſſes in an houre
Vpon thoſe lippes, and take 'em off againe:
If it be ieſt for me to marry thee,
And take obedience on me whilſt I liue:
Then all I ſay is ieſt:
For euery part of this, I ſweare by thoſe
That ſee my thoughts, I am reſolu'd to doe,
And I beſeech thee, by thine owne white hand,
(Which pardon me, that I am b old to kiſſe
With ſo vnworthy lippes) that thou wilt ſweare
To marry me, as I doe here to thee,
Before the face of heauen.
Zoy. Marry you! ha, ha, ha.
Hida. Kill me or graunt: wilt thou not ſpeake at all?
Zoy. Why I will doe your will for euer.
Hidaſ. I aske no more: but let me kiſſe that mouth
That is ſo mercyfull, that is my will:
Next, goe with me before the King in haſt,
That is my will, where I will make our Peeres
Know, that thou art their better.
Zoy. Ha, ha, ha, that is fine, ha, ha, ha.
Cleo. Madam, what meanes your Grace?
Conſider for the loue of heauen to what
You runne madly; will you take this Viper
Into your bed?
Hidaſ. Away, hold off thy hands:
Strike her ſweete *Zoylus*, for it is my will,
Which thou haſt ſworne to doe.

Zoy. Away

Zoy. Away for ſhame.
Know you no manners: ha, ha, ha. *Exit.*
Cleo. Thou knovvſt none I feare,
This is iuſt *Cupids Anger*, *Venus* looke dovvne mildely on vs: And commaund thy Sonne to ſpare this Ladie once, and let me bee in loue with all: and none in loue with me. *Exit.*

Enter Iſmenus, and Timantus.

Tima. Is your Lordſhip for the warres this ſommer?
Iſmen. *Timantus* wilt thou goe with mee?
Tima: If I had a companie my Lord,
Iſmen. Of fidlers: Thou a companie?
No, no, keepe thy company at home, & cauſe cuckolds,
The warres will hurt thy face, there's no ſemſters,
Shoemakers, nor Taylors, nor almon milk ith morning,
Nor peacht egges to keepe your worſhip ſoluble,
No man to warme your ſhyrt, and blow your Roſes:
Nor none to reuerence your round lace breeches:
If thou wilt needes goe, and goe thus,
Get a caſe for thy Captain-ſhip, a ſhower will ſpoyle thee elſe. Thus much for thee.
Tim. Your Lordſhips wondrous vvitty, very pleaſant, beleeue't. *Exit.*

Enter Telamon, Derialus, Agenor, Niſus, Leonti.

Leon. No nevves yet of my Sonne?
Telam. Syr, there be diuers out in ſearch:
No doubt they'l bring the truth vvhere he is,
Or the occaſion that ledde him hence.
Tim. They haue good eyes then.
Leon. The Gods goe vvith them:
Who be thoſe that vvayte there? (patch,
Telam. The Lord *Iſmenus*, your Generall, for his diſ-
Leon. *O nephew:* Wee haue no vſe to imploy your Vertue in our vvarre: now the Prouince is vvell ſetled.
Heare you ought of the *Marquis*?
Iſmen. No Syr,

Leon. Tis ſtrange hee ſhould be gone thus:
This 5. dayes he was not ſeene.
Tim. Ile hold my life, I could boult him in an houre:
Leon. Wher's my Daughter?
Dori. About the purging of the Temples, Syr.
Leon. Shees chaſt and vertuous; Fetch her to me,
And tell her I am pleaſ'd to graunt her now
Her laſt requeſt, without repenting mee. *Exit Niſ.*
Be it what it will: ſhe is wiſe, *Dorialus*,
And will not preſſe me farther then a Father.
Dor. I pray the beſt may follow: yet if your grace
Had taken the opinions of your people,
At leaſt of ſuch, whoſe wiſedomes euer wake
About your ſafety, I may ſay it Syr,
Vnder your noble pardon: that this change
Either had bene more honour to the Gods,
Or I thinke not at all. Sir the Princeſſe.

Enter Hidaſpes, Niſus, and Zoylous.

Leon. O my Daughter, my health!
And did I ſay my ſoule, I lyde not;
Thou art ſo neere me, ſpeake, and haue what euer
Thy wiſe will leads thee too: had I a Heauen,
It were too poore a place for ſuch a goodnes.
Dor. Whats heere?
Agen. An Apes skin ſtuft I thinke, tis ſo plumpe.
Hida. Syr, you haue paſt your word,
Still be a Prince, and hold you to it.
Wonder not I preſſe you, my life lyes in your word,
If you breake that, you haue broke my heart, I muſt aske
Thats my ſhame, and your will muſt not deny mee:
Now for Heauen be not forſworne.
Leon. By the Gods I will not,
I cannot, were there no other power,
Then my loue call'd to a witnes of it.
Dor. They haue much reaſon to truſt,
You haue forſworn one of em out oth countrey already.

Hida:

Hida. Then this is my request: This Gent:
Bee not asham'd, Syr:
You are worth a Kingdome.

Leon. In what?

Hida. In the way of marriage.

Leon How?

Hida. In the way of marriage, it must be so,
Your oath is tyde to heauen: as my loue to him,

Leon. I know thou doest but trie my Age,
Come aske againe.

Hida. If I should aske all my life time, this is all still.
Syr I am serious, I must haue this worthy man without enquiring why; and suddenly, and freely:
Doe not looke for reason or obedience in my words: my
Loue admits no wisedome:
Onely hast, and hope hangs on my furie,
Speake Syr, speake, but not as a Father,
I am deafe and dull to counsell: inflamed bloud
Heares nothing but my will,
For Gods sake speake.

Dor. Heres a braue alteration.

Nis. This comes of Chastitie.

Hida. Will not you speake Syr?

Agen The God begins his vengeance; what a sweet youth he has sent vs heere, with a pudding in's belly?

Leon. O let me neuer speake,
Or with my words let me speake out my life;
Thou power abusde great Loue, whose vengeance now wee feele and feare, haue mercie on this Land.

Nis. How does your Grace?

Leon. Sicke, very sicke I hope.

Dor. Gods comfort you.

Hida. Will not you speake? Is this your royall word?
Doe not pull periurie vpon your soule.
Syr, you are olde, and neere your punishment; remember.

Away.

Leon. Away base woman,
Hidaſ. Then be no more my Father, but a plague,
I am bound to pray againſt: bee any ſinne
May force me to deſpaire, and hang my ſelfe,
Be thy name neuer more remembred King
But in example of a broken Faith,
And curſt euen to forgetfulnes: (ter is?
May thy Land bring forth ſuch Monſters as thy Daugh-
I am weary of my rage. I pray forgiue me,
And let me haue him, will you Noble Syr?
Leon. Mercie, mercie heauen:
Thou heire of all diſhonour, ſhameſt thou not to draw
This little moyſture left for life, thus rudely from mee?
Carry that Slaue to death.
Zoylus. For heauens ſake Sir, it is no fault of mine,
That ſhe will loue mee.
Leon. To death with him, I ſay.
Hida. Then make haſt Tyrant, or Ile be for him;
This is the way to Hell,
Leon. Hold faſt, I charge you away with him.
Hidaſ. Alas old man, Death hath more dores then one,
And I will meet him *Exit Hidaſ.*
Leon. Dorialus, Pray ſee her in her Chamber,
And lay a guard about her:
The greateſt curſe the Gods lay on our frailties,
Is will and diſobedience in our Iſſues,
Which we beget as well as them to plague vs,
With our fond loues; Beaſtes you are onely bleſt
That haue that happy dulneſſe to forget
What you haue made, your young ones grieue not you
They wander where they liſt, and haue their wayes
Without diſhonor to you; and their ends,
Fall on 'em without ſorrow of their Parents,
Or after ill remembrance: Oh this Woman
Would I had made my ſelfe a Sepulcher,
When I made her: Nephew where is the Prince?

pray

Pray God hee haue not more part of her baſenesſe
Then of her bloud about him,
Gentlemen: where is hee?

Iſm. I know not Syr.
Has his vvayes by him ſelfe, is too vviſe for my companie.

Leon. I doe not like this hiding of him ſelfe,
From ſuch ſocietie as his perſon:
Some of it ye needs muſt know.

Iſmenus. I am ſure not I: nor haue knowne tvvice this ten dayes, which if I vvere as proude as ſome of 'em I ſhould take ſcuruily, but he is a young man:
Let him haue his ſwinge, twill make him.

Timantus Whiſpers to the Duke.

Theres ſome good matter now in hand:
How the ſlaue geeres and grinnes: the *Duke* is pleaſde,
Theres a new paire of Scarlet Hoſe now, and as much
Money to ſpare, as will fetch the olde from pavvne, a Hat and a Cloake to goe out to mortow:
Garters and ſtockings come by nature.

Leon. Be ſure of this.

Tima. I durſt not ſpeake elſe Syr,

Actus ſecundus. Scena prima.

Cornets. deſcend Cupid.

Cupid. *Leucippus* thou art ſhot through with a ſhafte
That will not rankle long, yet ſharpe enough
To ſow a world of helpeleſſe miſerie——
In this happie Kingdome, doeſt thou thinke
Becauſe thou art a Prince, to make a part
Againſt my power, but it is al the faulte
Of thy old Father, who believes his Age

Is colde enough to quench my burning Darts.
But hee ſhall know ere long, that my ſmart looſe,
Can thavve Ice, and inflame the vvitherd heart
Of *Neſtor*, thou thy ſelfe art lightly ſtrooke,
But his madde loue, ſhall publiſh that the rage
Of *Cupid*, has the power to conquer Age. *Exit.*

Enter Bacha, & Leucippus, Bacha, A handkercheffe.

Leu. Why, whats the matter?
Bacha. Haue you got the ſpoyle (leaue,
You thirſted for. O tyrannie of men! *Leu.* I pray thee
Bacha. Your enuie is, Heauen knowes,
Beyond the reach of all our feeble Sexe:
What paine alas could it haue bene to you,
If I had kept mine honour? you might ſtill
Haue bene a Prince, and ſtill this Countreyes Heyre,
That innocent Guard, which I till now had kept,
For my defence, my vertue, did it ſeeme (preſſe it.
So dangerous in a State, that your ſelfe came to ſup-
Leu: Drie thine eyes againe, Ile kiſſe thy teares away,
This is but follie, tis paſt all helpe.
Bacha. Now you haue wonne the treaſure,
Tis my requeſt that you would leaue me thus:
And neuer ſee theſe empty walles againe,
I know you will doe ſo, and well you may:
For there is nothing in 'em thats worth
A glaunce, I loath my ſelfe, and am become
Another woman; One me thinkes with whome
I want acquaintance.
Leu. If I doe offend thee, I can be gone,
And though I loue thy ſight, ſo highly doe I prize thine owne content, that I will leaue thee.
Bac. Nay, you may ſtay now;
You ſhould haue gone before: I know not novv
Why I ſhould feare you: All I ſhould haue kept.

Is ſtolne: Nor is it in the power of man
To robbe me farther: if you can inuent,
Spare not; No naked man feares robbing leſſe
Then I doe: now you may for euer ſtay.
Leu. Why, I could doe thee farther wrong.
Bac. You haue a deeper reach in euill then I:
Tis paſt my thoughts. (doe it.
Leu. And paſt my will to act: but truſt mee I could
Bac. Good Syr doe, that I may knowve there is a vvrong beyond what you haue done mee.
Leu. I could tell all the world what thou haſt done.
Bac. Yes you may tell the world
And doe you thinke I am ſo vaine to hope
You will not: you can tell the world but this,
That I am a widdovv, full of teares in ſhewe,
My Husband dead: And one that lou'd meeſo,
Hardly a weeke, forgot my modeſtie,
And caught with youth and greatneſſe,
Gaue my ſelfe to liue in ſinne vvith you;
This you may tell: And this I doe deſerue.
Leu. Why doeſt thou thinke me ſo baſe to tell!
Theſe limmes of mine ſhall part
From one another on a wracke,
Ere I diſcloſe; But thou doeſt vtter words
That much afflict me: you did ſeeme as ready
Sweete *Bacha* as my ſelfe.
Bac. You are right a man: when they haue witcht vs into miſerie, poore innocent ſouſes,
They lay the fault on vs:
But be it ſo-For Prince *Leucippus* ſake
I vvill beare any thing,
Leucip. Come weepe no more,
I wrought thee to it, it was my fault:
Nay, ſee if thou wilt leaue? Here, take this pearle,
Kiſſe me ſweete *Bacha*, and receiue this purſe.
Bacha. What ſhould I doe with theſe? they will not decke my minde.

Leucip. Why keepe 'em to remember me.
I must be gone, I haue bene absent long:
I know the Duke my Father is in rage,
But I will see thee suddenly againe.
Farewell my *Bacha*. *Bacha.* Gods keepe you,
Doe you heare Syr: pray giue me a point to weare. (wile.
Leu. Alas good *Bacha*, take one, I pray thee where thou
Bac. Comming from you. This Point is of as high
Esteeme with me, as all pearle and gold: nothing but
good bee euer with or neere you.
Leu. Fare thee well mine owne good *Bacha*;
I will make all haste. *Exit.*
Bacha. Iust as you are a Dosen I esteeme you:
No more, does he thinke I would prostitute
My selfe for loue: it was the loue of these pearles
And gold that wanne mee, I confesse
I lust more after him then any other,
And would at any rate if I had store,
Purchase his fellowship: but being poore,
Ile both enioy his bodie and his purse,
And hee a *Prince*, nere thinke my selfe the worse.
Enter Leontius, Leucippus, Ismenus, Timantus.
Leon Nay, you must backe and shew vs what it is,
That witches you out of your Honour thus.
Bacha. Whose that? *Tima.* Looke there Syr.
Leon. Lady, neuer flye you are betrayde.
Bacha. Leaue me my teares a while,
And to my lust rage giue a little place:
What saucy man are you, that without leaue,
Enter vpon a Widdowes mournefull house?
You hinder a dead man from many teares.
Who did deserue more then the world can shed,
Though they should weepe themselues to Images,
If not for loue of mee, yet of your selfe
Away, for you can bring no comfort to mee.
But you may carry hence, you know not what.

Nay

Nay ſorrow is infectious.

Leon. Thou thy ſelfe
Art growne infectious. woul'ſt thou know my name?
I am the Duke, father to this young-man
Whom thou corruptſt.

Bacha. Has he then told him all.

Leuc. You doe her wrong Sir.

Bacha. O he has not told. Sir I beſeech you pardon
My wild tongue, directed by a weake diſtemperd head.
Madded with griefe: Alas I did not know
You were my Soueraigne; but now you may
Command my poore vnworthy life,
Which will be none I hope ere long.

Leon. All thy diſſembling will neuer hide thy ſhame:
And vvert not more reſpecting Woman-hood in
Generall, then any thing in thee, thou ſhouldſt
Be made ſuch an examyle, that poſteritie,
When they would ſpeake moſt bitterly, ſhould ſay,
Thou art as impudent as Bacha was.

Bacha. Sir, though you be my King, whom I vvill
Serue in all iuſt cauſes: yet vvhen wrongfully
You ſeeke to take mine Honour, I will riſe
Thus and defie you; for it is a Iewell
Dearer then you can giue, which whilſt I keepe,
(Though in this lovvly houſe) I ſhall eſteeme
My ſelfe aboue the Princes of the earth
That are without it. If the Prince your ſonne,
Whom you accuſe me with knovv how to ſpeake
Diſhonour of me, if he doe not doe it,
The plagues of hell light on him, may he neuer
Gouerne this Kingdome: here I chalenge him
Before the face of heauen, my Liege, and theſe,
To ſpeake the worſt he can: if he will lye,
To loſe a womans fame, Ile ſay he is
Like you (I thinke I cannot call him worſe.)
Hee's dead, that with his life would haue defended

My reputation, and I forc't to play
(That which I am) the foolish woman,
And vse my liberall tongue.
Leu. Is't possible! we men are children in our
Carriages, compard with women: wake thy selfe
For shame, and leaue not her whose honour thou
Shou'dst keepe safe as thine owne, alone to free her selfe:
But I am prest I know not how, with guilt,
And feele my conscience (neuer vs'd to lye)
Loth to allow my tongue to adde a lye
To that too much I did: but it is lavvfull
To defend her, that onely for my Loue lou'd euill.
Leon. Tell me, why did you *Leucip:* stay here so long?
Leu. If I can vrge ought from me but a truth, hell
Take me.
Leon. What's the matter, why speake you not?
Tima: Alas good Syr, forbeare
To vrge the Prince, you see his shamefastnes.
Bacha. What does he say Syr? if thou be a Prince
Shew it, and tell the truth.
Ismen. If you haue layne with her tell your Father,
No doubt but he has done as ill before now:
The Gentlewoman will be proud ont.
Bacha For Gods sake speake.
Leu. Haue you done prating yet?
Ismen. Who prates?
Leu. Thou knowst I doe not speake to thee *Ismenus:*
But what said you *Tima*; concerning my shamefastnes?
Tima. Nothing I hope that might displease your
Highnes.
Leu. If any of thy great, Great-grandmothers
This thousand yeeres, had beene as chaste as she,
It vvould haue made thee honester, I stayd
To heare what you wou'd say: she is by heauen
Of the most strict and blameless chastitie
That euer woman was: (good gods forgiue me)

Had

Had *Tarquin* met with her, she had beene kild
With a Slaue by her ere she had agreed:
I lye with her! wou'd I might perish then.
Our Mothers, vvhom wee all must reuerence,
Could nere exceede her for her chastitie,
Vpon my soule: for by this light shee's
A most obstinate modest creature.
Leon. What did you with her then so long *Leucippus*.
Leu. Ile tell you Syr: You see shee's beautifull.
Leon. I see it well.
Leu. Moou'd by her face,
I came with lustfull thoughts,
Which was a fault in me:
But telling truth, something more pardonable,
(And for the world I vvill not lye to you:)
Proud of my selfe, I thought a Princes name
Had powver to blow 'em dovvne flat of their backes;
But here I found a Rocke not to be shooke:
For as I hope for good Syr, all the battery
That I could lay to her, or of my person,
My greatnes, or gold, could nothing mooue her.
Leon. Tis very strange, being so young and fayre.
Leu. Shee's almost thirtie Sir.
Leon. How doe you know her age so iust?
Leu. She told it me her selfe
Once when she vvent about to shevv by reason
I should leaue wooing her
Leon. She staines the ripest Virgins of her age.
Leu. If I had sinn'd with her, I vvould be loth
To publish her disgrace: but by my life
I vvould haue told it you, because I thinke
You vvould haue pardond me the rather:
And I vvill tell you father: By this light Sir,
(But that I neuer vvill bestovv my selfe
But to your liking) if she novv vvould haue me,
I novv vvould marry her.

Leon.

Leon. Hovv's that *Leucippus*!

Leu. Sir, will you pardon my one fault, which yet
I haue not done, but had a will to doe, and I will tell it?

Leon. Bee't what it will I pardon thee.

Leu. I offered marriage to her.

Leon. Did she refuse it?

Leucip. With that earnestnes, and almost scorne
To thinke of any other after her lost Mate, that she
Made me thinke my selfe vnworthy of her.

Leon. You haue stayd too long *Leucippus*.

Leu, Yes Sir, forgiue me heauen, what multitude
Of oaths haue I bestowed on lyes, and yet they were
Officious lyes, there was no malice in 'em.

Leon. She is the fayrest creature that euer I beheld;
And then so chaste, tis wonderfull: the more I looke
On her, the more I am amaz'd.
I haue long thought of a wife, and one I would haue
Had, but that I was afraid to meete a woman
That might abuse my age: but here she is
Whom I may trust too; of a chastitie
Impregnable, and approued so by my sonne:
The meanes of her byrth will still preserue her
In due obedience; and her beauty is
Of force enough to pull me backe to youth.
My sonne once sent away, whose riuall-shippe
I haue iust cause to feare, if power, or gold,
Or wit, can vvin her to me, she is mine,
Nephew *Ismenus*, I haue new intelligence,
Your Prouince is vnquiet still.

Ismen. Ime glad ont.

Leon. And so dangerously, that I must send the
Prince in person vvith you.

Ismen. Ime glad of that too: Sir will you dispatch
Vs, vve shall vvither here for euer.

Leon. You shall be dispatcht vvithin this houre,
Leucippus, neuer vvonder nor aske, it must be thus.

Lady

Lady I aske your pardon, whose verine I haue
Slubberd with my tongue, and you shall euer be
Chast in my memory hereafter;
But we old men often dote: to make amends for
My great fault, receiue that Ring:
I'm sorry for your griefe, I may it soone leaue you
Come my Lords lets begone. *Exeunt.*

Bacha. Heauen blesse your Grace.
One that had but so much modestie left, as to blush,
Or shrinke a little at his first encounter,
Had beene vndone: where I come off with honour,
And gaine too: they that neuer wou'd be trackt
In any course, by the most subtle sense,
Must beare it through with frontlets impudence. *Exit.*

Enter Doridan, Agenor, Nisus.

Dor. Gentlemen, this is a strange peece of Iustice,
To put the wretched Dwarfe to death because
She doted on him; Is she not a woman, and
Subiect to those mad figaries her whole Sexe
Is infected with? Had she lou'd you, or you, or I,
Or all on's, (as indeed the more the meeryer still
With them) must we therefore haue our heads par'd
With a Hatchet? So she may loue all the Nobility
Out o'th Dukedome in a month, and let the raskals in.

Nis. You will not, or you dot not see the neede
That makes this iust to the world?

Dor. I cannot tell, I would be loth to feele it:
But the best is, she loues not proper men, we three
Were in wise cases else: but make me know this need.

Nis. Why yes: Hee being taken away; this base incontinence dyes presently, and she must see her shame and sorrow for it.

Dor. Pray God she doe: but was the Sprat beheaded,
Or did they swing him about like a chickin; and so breake his necke.

Agen. Yes, he was beheaded, and a solemne iustice made of it.

Dor. That might haue beene deducted.

Agenor. Why how would you haue had him dyde?

Dori. Faith I would haue had him rosted like a warden in a browne paper, and no more talke ont: or a feather stucke in's head, like a Quaile: or a hanged him in a Dog-coller: what should hee be beheaded? vvee shall haue it grow so base shortly, Gentlemen will be out of loue with it.

Nis. I wonder from whence this of the Dwarfes first sprung?

Dor. From an olde leacherous payre of breeches that lay vpon a vvench to keepe her warme: for certainely they are no mans worke: and I am sure a Monkey would get one of the guard to this fellow, hee was no bigger then a small Portmantu, and much about that making, if t'ad legs.

Age. But Gentlemen, what say you to the *Prince?*

Nis. I, concerning his being sent I know not whither.

Dorialus. Why then he will come home I know not when: you shall pardon me, Ile talke no more of this subiect, but say, gods be with him where ere hee is, and sende him well home againe: For why, he is gone, or vvhen hee will returne, let them know that directed him: Onely this, there's mad Moriscoes in the state, but what they are, Ile tell you when I know. Come, lets goe, heare all, and say nothing.

Agen. Content. *Exeunt.*

Enter Timantus, and Telamon.

Tela. *Timantus*, is the *Duke* ready yet?

Tima. Almost.

Tela. What ayles him?

Tima. Faith I know not, I thinke hee has dreamt he's but eighteene: has beene worse since he sent you forth for the frizling-yron.

Tel. That cannot bee, he lay in Gloues all night, and this morning I brought him a new *Periwig* with a locke at it, and knockt vp a ſwing in's chamber.

Tim. O but ſince, his Taylor came, and they haue fallen out about the faſhion on's cloathes: and yonders a fellow come, has board a hole in's eare; and hee has beſpake a Vaulting-horſe, you ſhall ſee him come foorth preſently: hee lookes like Winter, ſtucke here and there with freſh flowres

Tela. Will he not Tilt thinke you?

Tima. I thinke he will.

Tela. What does he meane to doe?

Tim. I know not: but by this light I thinke hee is in loue; he woul'd ha bin ſhau'd but for me.

Tela. In loue, with whome?

Tim. I cold gueſſe, but you ſhall pardon me: he will take me along with him ſome whither.

Tela. I ouer-heard him aske your opinion of ſome bodies beau ie.

Tima. Yes, there it goes that makes him ſo youthfull, and has layd by his Crutch, and halts now with a leading ſtaffe.

Enter Leontine with a ſtaffe and a looking-glaſſe.

Leon. *Timantus.* *Tim.* Sir.

Leon. This Feather is not large enough.

Tim. Yes faith, tis ſuch a one as the reſt of the young Gallants weare.

Leon. *Telamon*, does it doe well?

Tela. Sir, it becomes you, or you become it, the rarelieſt——

Leon. Away, doſt thinke ſo?

Tela. Thinke ſir? I know it. Sir, the *Princeſſe* is paſt all hope of life ſince the Dwarfe was put to death

Leon. Let her be ſo, I haue other matters in hand: but this ſame Taylor angers me, he has made my doubler ſo wide: and ſee, the knaue has put no points at my arme.

Tima. Those will be put on quickly Sir, vpon any occasion. (mornings?

Leon. *Telamon*, haue you bid this Dauncer come a

Tela. Yes Sir.

Leon. *Timantus*, let me see the glasse againe: looke you how careleſſe you are growe, is this tooth well put in? *Tima.* Which Sir?

Leon. This Sir.

Tima. It shall be.

Telam. Me thinks that tooth should put him in mind on's yeeres: and *Timantus* stands as if (seeing the Duke in such a youthfull habite) he were looking in's mouth how olde he were. *Leon.* So, so.

Tela. Will you haue your Gowne sir?

Leon. My Gowne? why, am I sicke? bring mee my Sword. *Exit Tela.*

Leon. Let a couple of the great horses be brought out for vs.

Tima. Heele kill himselfe. Why, will you ride sir?

Leon. Ride? Dost thou thinke I cannot ride?

Timan. O yes sir, I know it: but as I conceiue your iourney, you would haue it private; and then you were better take a Coach.

Leon. These Coaches make mee sicke: yet tis no matter, let it be so. *Enter Telamon with a sword.*

Tel. Sir, heere's your sword.

Leon. O well sed: let me see it, I could me thinkes— Why *Telamon*, bring me another: what, thinkst thou I will weare a sword in vaine?

Tela. He has not strength enough to draw it, A yoake of Fleas tyde to a hayre would haue drawne it. Tis put sir now, the Scabbert is broke.

Leon. O put it vp againe, and on with it; me thinkes I am not dreſt till I feele my sword on.

Leon. *Telamon*, if any of my counsell aske for mee, Say I am gone to take the ayre.

Tim.

Tima. He has not bene dreſt this twenty yeeres then,
If this vaine holde but a weeke, he will learne to play o'th
baſe violl and ſing too't: Hee's poeticall alreadie;
For I haueſpide a Sonnet on's making lye by's beddes ſide,
Ile be ſo vnmannerly to reade it, *Exit.*

Hees dead, hees dead, and I am following.

Enter Hidaſpes: Cleophila, and Hero, Hidaſpes, in a Bedde.

Cleo. Aske *Cupid* mercie Madame. *Hida.* O my heart.

Cleo. Helpe! *Hero:* Stirre her: *Hida.* ô, ô.

Cleo. Shees going, wretched woman that wee are:
Looke to her, and Ile pray the while.

Hero. Why Maddame? *Shee kneeles.*

Cleo. Cupid pardon what is paſt,
And forgiue our ſinnes at laſt,
Then wee will be coye no more,
But thy Deitie Adore,
Troths at fifteene we will plight,
And will tread a Dance at night.
In the fields, or by the Fire,
With the youths that haue diſire. (*How does ſhee yet?*

Hero. O ill:

Cleo. Guen Bare-rings wee will weare,
Bracletsof our Louers haire,
Which they on our Armes ſhall twiſt,
With their Names carn'd on our wriſt,
All the money that wee owe,
Wee in Tokens will beſtowe:
And learne to write, that when tis ſent,
Onely our Loues know what it meant:
O then pardon what is paſt,
And forgiue our ſinnes at laſt: (*What, Mends ſhee?*

Hero. Nothing, you do it not wantonly, you ſhould ſing.

Hero. Leaue, leaue, tis now too late: *Cleo.* Why
Shee is dead: *Hero.* Her laſt is breathed.

Cleo. What ſhall wee doe. *Hero.* Goe runne,
And tell the *Duke*; And whilſt Ile cloſe her eyes.

Thus I shutte thy faded light,
And put it in eternall night.
Where is she can boldly say
Though she be as fresh as *May*:
She shall not by this Corps be laid,
Ere to morrowes light doe fade.
Let vs all now liuing bee,
Warn'd by thy strict Chastitie.
And marry all fast as wee can,
Till then wee keepe a piece of man,
Wrongfully from them that owe it
Soone may euery Maide bestow it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bacha and a Maide. *Bac.* Who is it?

Maide. Forsooth theres a gallant Coach at the dore, And the braue old man int, that you said was the *Duke*.

Bacha. *Cupid* graunt he may be taken. *Away!*

Maide. He is comming vp, & lookes the swaggeringst, and has such glorious cloathes. *Bac.* Let all the house see me sad, and see all handsome.

Enter Leontius, and Timantus, a Iewell & a Ring.

Leon. Nay widdow flie not back; we come not now to chide, stand vp and bidde me welcome.

Bac. To a poore widdows house that knowes no end Of her ill fortune: your Highnes is most welcome.

Leon. Come kisse me then, this is but manners widdow: Nere fling your head aside, I haue more cause of griefe then you: my Daughters dead: but what? Tis nothing, Is the rough *French* horse brought to the dore? They say he is a high goer, I shall soone try his mettall.

Tim. Hee will be Syr, and the gray *Barbary*, they are fiery both.

Leon. They are the better: Before the gods I am lightsome, very lightsome: How doest thou like mee Widdowe?

Bacha. As a perſon in whome all graces are.

Leon. Come, Come, yee flatter: Ile clappe your cheeke for that, and you ſhall not be angry.

Haſt no *Muſicke:* Now could I cutte three times with eaſe, and doe a croſſe point, ſhould ſhame all your gallants.

Bacha. I doe beliene you, and your ſelfe too: Lord what a fine olde *Zany* my Loue has made him? Is't mine, I am ſure: Heauen make mee thankefull for him.

Leon. Tell mee how olde thou art, my pretty ſweete heart?

Timantus. Your Grace will not buye her, ſhee may trippe Sir?

Bacha. My ſorrowe ſhowes mee Elder then I am by many yeares?

Leon. Thou art ſo witty I muſt kiſſe agen.

Tima. Indeed her Age lyes not in her mouth: nere looke it there Syr, ſhee has a better Regiſter, if it be not burnt. *Leon.* I will kiſſe thee, I am a fire *Timantus.*

Tima. Can you chuſe Syr, hauing ſuch heauenly fire before you?

Leon. Widdow, gueſſe why I come, I prethee doe.

Bacha. I cannot Syr, vnleſſe you bee pleas'de to make a myrth out of my rudeneſſe: and that I hope your pittie will not let yee, the ſubiect is ſo barren: Bite King, Bite, Ile let you play a while.

Leon. Now as I am an honeſt man, Ile tell thee truly, how many foote did I iump yeſterday *Timantus?*

Tim. Fourteen of your owne, & ſome three fingers.

Bacha. This fellow lyes as lightly, as if hee were in cutte taffata.

Alas good Almanacke get thee to Bedde, and tell what weather wee ſhall haue to morrow.

Leon. Widdow I am come in ſhort to be a Suiter.

Bacha. For whom?

Leon:

Leon. Why by my troth, I come to woe thee wench:
And winne thee for my selfe: Nay, looke vpon mee:
I haue about mee that will doe it.

Bac. Now Heauen defend mee, your Whore shall neuer: I thanke the Gods, I haue a little left mee to keepe mee vvarme, and honest: if your grace take not that, I seeke no more, (vnto thee.

Leon. I am so farre from taking any thing, Ile adde

Bach. Such Additions may bee for your ease Syr,
Not my honestie: I am well in being single, good Sir seeke another, I am no meate for money.

Leon. Shall I fight for thee?
This sword shal cut his throte, that dares lay clayme
But to a Finger of thee, but to a looke, I would
See such a fellow.

Bac. It would be but a cold sight to you:
This is the father of *S. George* a foot-backe,
Can such drie Mumming talke.

Tim. Before the gods, your grace lookes like *Æneas*.

Bac. Hee lookes like his old father vpon his backe,
Crying to get Aboord.

Leon. How shall I win thy loue, I pray thee tell me?
Ile marry thee if thou desirest that: That is an honest Course, I am in good earnest, and presently within this houre, I am madde for thee: prethee deny me not,
For as I liue Ile pine thee, but Ile haue thee

Bacha Now hees in the Toyle, Ile hold him fast,

Tima. You doe not know what tis to be a Queene,
Goe too you Maide, else what the old man falls short of, theres others can eech out, vvhen you please to call on 'em.

Bacha. I vnderstand you not, Loue I adore thee,
Sir, on my knees I giue you harty thankes, for so much Honouring your humble Hand-mayd aboue her byrth:
Farre more her weake deseruings, I dare not trust the Enuious tongues of all that must repine at my vnvorthy rising. Be-

Beside, you haue many fayre ones in your kingdome
Borne to such worth: & turne your selfe about
And make a Noble choyse.

Leon If I doe, let me famish: I will haue thee,
Or breake vp house, and boord here.

Bac. Syr, you may command an vnwilling woman to obey yee: but heauen knowes——

Leon. No more: these halfe a dozen kisses, and this Iewell, and euery thing I haue, and away with me, and clappe it vp; and haue a boy by morning *Timantus*. Let one bee sent post for my sonne againe: and for *Ismenus*, they are scarce twenty miles on their way yet, by that time wee'le be married

Tima. There shall Sir. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus secundi.

Actus tertij. Scæna Prima.

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus.

Nisus. Is not this a fine marriage?

Agenor. Yes, yes, let it alone,

Dor. I, I, the King may marry whom's list, let's talke of other matterrs.

Nis. Is the *Prince* comming home certainely?

Dor Yes, yes, hee was sent post for yesterday, lets make haste, weele see how his new Mother-in-law will entertaine him.

Nis. Why well I warrant you: did you not marke how humbly she carried her selfe to vs on her marriage day, acknowledging her owne vnworthinesse, and

that she would be our seruant.

Dor. But marke what's done. *Nis.* Regard not shew.

Age. O God! I knew her when I haue beene offred her to be brought to my bed for fiue pound: whether it could haue beene performed or no, I know not.

Nis. Her Daughters a pretty Lady.

Dor. Yes: and hauing had but meane bringingvp; it talks the pretileſt and innocentlieſt, the Queene will be so angry to heare her betray her breeding by her language: but I am perswaded she's well dispos'd.

Agenor. I thinke better then her Mother.

Nis. Come, we stay too long. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leucippus, and Ismenus.

Isme. How now man, strooke dead with a tale?

Leu. No, but with a truth.

Isme. Stand of your selfe: can you endure blowes, and shrinke at words?

Leu. Thou knowst I haue told thee all.

Isme. But that all's nothing to make you thus: your Sisters dead.

Leu Thats much, but not the most.

Isme. Why, for the other let her marry and hang, tis no purpos'd fault of yours: and if your Father will needs haue your cast Whore, you shall shew the duty of a childe better in being contented, and bidding much good doe his good old heart with her, then in repining thus at it; let her goe: what, there are more wenches man, weele haue another.

Leu. O thou art vaine, thou knowst I doe not loue her:
What shall I doe? I would my tongue had led mee
To any other thing, but blasphemy,
So I had mist commending of this woman,
Whom I must reuerence now, she is my Mother,
My sinne *Ismenus* has wroughtall this ill:

And

And I beſeech thee, to be warnd by me,
And doe not lye, if any man ſhould aske thee
But *How thou doſt*, or *What a clocke tis now.*
Be ſure thou doe not lye, make no excuſe
For him that is moſt neere thee: neuer let
The moſt officious falſehood ſcape thy tongue,
For they aboue (that are intirely truth)
Will make that ſeede, which thou haſt ſowne
Of lyes, yeeld miſeries a thouſand fold
Vpon thine head, as they haue done on mine.

Enter Timantus.

Tim. Sir, your Highnes is welcome home, the *Duke* and *Queene* will preſently come foorth to you.

Len. Ile wait on them.

Tima. Worthy *Iſmenus*, I pray you, haue you ſped in your warres?

Iſme. This Rogue mocks me. Well *Timantus*, pray how haue you ſped heere at home at ſhouelboord?

Tim. Faith reaſonable. How many Townes haue you taken in this Summer?

Iſme. How many Stagges haue you beene at the death of this graſſe?

Tima. A number. 'Pray how is the Prouince ſetled?

Iſme. Prethee how does the dunne Nagge?

Tim, I thinke you mocke me my Lord.

Iſme. Mocke thee? Yes by my troth doe I: why what vvouldſt thou haue mee doe with thee? Art good for any thing elſe?

Enter Leontius, Bacha, Derialus, Agenor, Niſus, Talomon.

Len. My good *Iſmenus*, hold me by the wriſt:
And if thou ſee'ſt me fainting, wring me hard,
For I ſhall ſwoone againe elſe—— *Kneeles.*

Leon. Welcome my ſonne; riſe, I did ſend for thee

Backe from the Prouince, by thy Mothers counsell,
Thy good Mother here, who loues thee well:
She would not let me venture all my ioy
Amongst my enemies: I thanke thee for her,
And none but thee, I tooke her on thy word.

Leucip. Pinch harder.

Leon. And she shall bid thee welcome: I haue now
Some neere affayres, but I will drinke a Health
To thee a non: Come *Telamon*, I me growne
Lustier, I thanke thee for't, since I marryed;
I can stand now alone, why *Telamon*,
And neuer stagger. *Exit Leontius, Telamon.*

Bac. welcome most noble sir, whose fame is come
Hither before you: out alas you scorne me,
And teach me what to doe.

Leu. No, you are my Mother.

Bacha. Farre vnworthy of that name God knowes:
But trust me, here before these Lords,
I am no more but Nurse vnto the *Duke*;
Nor will I breede a faction in the State,
It is too much for me that I am raisd
Vnto his bed, and will remaine the seruant
Of you that did it.

Leu. Madame I will serue you
As shall become me. O dissembling woman!
Whom I must reuerence though. Take from thy
Quiuer, sure-aymd *Apollo*, one of thy swift darts,
Headed with thy consuming golden beames,
And let it melt this body into mist,
That none may finde it.

Bac. Shall I begge my Lords
This Roome in priuate for the *Prince* and me?

Exeunt all but Leu. and Bach.

Leu. What will she say now?

Bach. I must still enioy him:
Yet there is still left in me a sparke of woman,

That

That wishes he would moue it, but he stands,
As if he grewe there with his eyes on earth,
Syr, you and I when we were last together
Kept not this distance as we were afraide
Of blasting by our selues.
Leu. Madame tis true, Heauen pardon it.
Bach. Amen Syr. (strange marriage.
You may thinke that I haue done you wrong in this
Leu. Tis past now.
Bach. But it was no fault of mine:
The world had calld me madde, had I refusde
The King: nor layde I any traine to catch him,
It was your owne Oathes did it,
Leu. Tis a truth: that takes my sleepe away, but
Would to Heauen, if it had so beene pleasde, you had
Refusde him, though I had gra. ifi e that courtesie
With hauing you my selfe: But since tis thus,
I doe beseech you that you will be honest
From henceforth; and not abuse his credulous Age,
Which you may easily doe. As for my selfe
What I can say, you know alas too well
Is tide within me, heere it will sit like lead,
But shall offend no other, it will plucke mee
Backe from my entrance into any myrth,
As if a seruant came, and whispered with mee
Of some friends death, but I will beare my selfe,
To you, vvith all the due obedience
A sonne owes to a Mother: more then this.
Is not in mee, but I must leaue the rest to the
Iust gods: vvho in their blessed time,
When they haue giuen me punishment enough,
For my rash sinne, will mercifully finde
As vnexpected meanes to ease my griefe
As they did now to bring it.
Bac. Growne so godly: this must not be.
And I will be to you, no other then a natural Mother ought

And for my honeſtie, ſo you will ſweare
Neuer to vrge me, I ſhall keepe it ſafe from any other.
Leu. Bleſſe me I ſhould vrge you?
Bacha. Nay but ſweare then that I may be at peace,
For I doe feele a weakneſſe in my ſelfe,
That can denie you nothing, if you tempt me, (meet it
I ſhall embrace ſinne as it were a friend, and runne to
Leu. If you knew how farre
It were from mee, you would not vrge an Oath.
But for your ſatisfaction, when I tempt you.
Bac. Sweare not: I cannot moue him, this ſad talke
Of things paſt helpe, does not become vs well.
Shall I ſend one for my *Muſitions*, and weele daunce.
Leu. Dance Madame. *Bac.* Yes, *Alanalta.*
Leu. I cannot dance Madame. *Bac.* Then lets be mery
Leu. I am as my *Fortunes* bidde me.
Doe not you ſee mee ſowre? *Bac.* Yes.
And why thinke you I ſmile?
Leu. I am ſo farre from any ioy my ſelfe,
I cannot fancie a cauſe of myrth.
Bac. Ile tell you, wee are alone: *Leu.* Alone? *Bac.* Yes.
Leu. Tis true: what then?
Bac. What then? you make my ſmiling now
Breake into laughter: what thinke you is to be done then?
Leu. We ſhould pray to Heauen for mercy.
Bacha. Pray? that were a way indeede
To paſſe the time, but I will make you bluſh,
To ſee a baſhfull woman teach a man
What wee ſhould doe alone, trye againe
If you can finde it out.
Leu I dare not thinke I vnderſtand you. (you?
Bac. I muſt teach you then; Come, kiſſe me. *Leu.* Kiſſe
Bac. Yes, be not aſhamde:
You did it not your ſelfe, I will forgiue you.
Leuc. Keepe you diſpleaſed gods, the due reſpect
I ought to beare vnto this wicked woman,

As

As ſhe is now my Mother, Haſte within me,
Leſt I adde ſins to ſinnes, till no repentance will cure me.
Bac. Leaue theſe melancholly moodes.
That I may ſweare thee welcome on thy Lippes
A thouſand times.
Leuc. Pray leaue this wicked talke,
You doe not know to what my Fathers wrong
May vrge mee.
Bac. Ime careleſſe, and doe weigh
The world, my life, and all my after hopes
Nothing without thy Loue, miſtake me not:
Thy Loue, as I haue had it, free and open
As wedlocke is, within it ſelfe, what ſay you? *Leu.* Nothing
Bac. Pitty me, behold a Ducheſſe
Kneeles for thy mercie, and i ſweare to you
Though I ſhould lye with you, it is no Luſt,
For it deſires no change, I could with you
Content my ſelfe; what anſwere will you giue?
Leuc. They that can anſwere muſt be leſſe amazde,
Then I am now: you ſee my teares deliuer
My meaning to you. (ſauage beaſt,
Bac. Shall I be cotnemd? thou art a beaſt, worſe then a
To let a Lady kneele, to begge that thing
Which a right man would offer.
Leu. Tis your will Heauen: but let me beare me like
My ſelfe, how euer ſhee does.
Bac. Were you made an *Eunuch*, ſince you went hence?
Yet they haue more deſire then I can find in you:
How fond was I to beg thy loue? Ile force thee to my
Doſt thou not know that I can make the King (will
Dote as my liſt? yeeld quickly, or by Heauen
Ile haue thee kept in priſon for my purpoſe,
Where I will make thee ſerue my turne, & haue thee fed
With ſuch meates as beſt ſhall fit my endes
And not thy health, why doſt not ſpeake to mee?
And when thou doeſt diſpleaſe mee, and art growne

Leſſe

Leſſe able to performe; then I will haue thee
Kill'd and forgotten: Are you ſtriken dumbe?
Leu. All you haue nam'de, but making of me ſinne
With you, you may command, but neuer that;
Say what you will, Ile heare you as becomes mee,
If you ſpeake, I will not follow your counſell,
Neither will I tell the world to your diſgrace,
But giue you the iuſt honour
That is due from me to my Fathers wife.
Bac. Lord how full of wiſe formality you are growne
Of late: but you were telling mee
You cold haue wiſht that I had marry'd you,
If you will ſweare ſo yet, Ile make away the King.
Leuc. You are a ſtrumpet.
Bacha. Nay, I care not
For all your Raylings: They will Batter walls
And take in Townes, as ſoone as trouble mee (matter.
Tell him, I care not, I ſhall vndoe you onely, which is no
Leu. I appeale to you ſtill, and for euer, that are
And cannot be other, Madame I ſee tis in your power
To worke your will on him: And I deſire you
To lay what traines you will for my wiſhed death,
But ſuffer him to find his quiet graue
In peace; Alas he neuer did you vvrong,
And further I beſeech you pardon mee,
For the ill word I gaue you, for how euer
You may deſerue, it became not mee
To call you ſo, but paſſion vrges mee
I know not whither, my heart breake now, & eaſe me euer
Bacha. Pray you get you hence
With your goodly humor, I am weary of you extreamely.
Leu. Truſt mee, ſo am I of my ſelfe too:
Madame, Ile take my leaue; gods ſet all right.
Bacha. Amen, Syr get you gone;
Am I denyde? it does not trouble mee
That I haue mou'd, but that I am refuſde:

I haue loſt my patience : I will make him know
Luſt is not Loue, for Luſt vvill finde a mate
While there are men, and ſo vvill I : and more.

Enter Timantus.

Then one, or twenty : yonder is *Timantus*,
A fellow voyde of any vvorth, to raiſe himſelfe,
And therefore like to catch at any euill
That vvill but plucke him vppe, him vvill I make
Mine owne : *Timantus. Timantus*. Madame ?

Bac. Thou knoweſt vvell
Thou vvert, by chance, a meanes of this my raiſing :
Brought the Duke to me, and though t'were but chance
I muſt reward thee.

Tim. I ſhall bend my ſeruice vnto your Highneſſe.

Baca. But doe it then entirely, and in every thing,
And tell me, Couldſt thou now thinke that thing
Thou vvouldſt not doe for me ?

Timant. No by my ſoule Madam

Baca. Then thou art right.
Goe to my Lodging, and Ile follow thee.

Exit Timantus.

With my inſtruction I doe ſee already,
This Prince that did but now contemne me, dead :
Yet vvill I neuer ſpeake an euill vvord
Vnto his Father of him, till I haue vvonne
A beliefe I loue him, but Ile make
His vertues his vndoing, and my praiſes
Shall be ſo many ſwords againſt his breſt,
Which once perform'd, Ile make *Vrania*
My Daughter, the Kings heyre, and plant my Iſſue
In this large Throne : Nor ſhall it be withſtood,
They that begin in Luſt, muſt end in blood. *Exit.*

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Niſus.

Doria. We liue to know a fine time, Gentl.

Niſ. And a fine Duke, that through his doting age

Suffers him to be a childe againe
Vnder his Wiues tuition.

Agen. All the Land holds in that tenor too: in wo-
mans seruice? sure we shall learne to spinne.

Dor. No, that's too honest: we shall haue other
Liberall Sciences taught vs too soone;
Lying, and Flattering, those are the studies now:
And Murther shortly I know, will be humanity, Gent.
If we liue here we must be knaues, beleeue it.

Nisus. I cannot tell my Lord *Dorialus*, though my
Owne nature hate it, if all determine to be knaues,
He try what I can doe vpon my selfe, that's certaine,
I will not haue my throat cut for my goodnes,
The vertue will not quit the paine.

Age. But pray you tell me,
Why is the *Prince* now ripe and full experient,
Not made a dore in the State?

Nis. Because he is honest. *Enter Timantus.*

Tim. Goodnes attend your Honours.

Dor. You must not be amongst vs then.

Tim. The *Dutches*, whose humble seruant I am prou'd
to be, would speake with you.

Age. Sir, we are pleas'd to wayte: when is it?

Tim. An houre hence my good Lords, and so I leaue
my seruice.

Dor. This is one of her Ferrets that shee bokes bu-
sinesse out withall: this fellow, if hee were well ript,
has all the linings of a knaue within him: how slye hee
lookes?

Nis. Haue we nothing about our cloathes that he may
catch at?

Agener. O my conscience, there's no treason in my
dublet, if there bee, my elboes will discouer it, they are
out.

Dor. Faith, and all the harme that I can finde in
mine is, that they are not payd for, let him make what

he

he can of that, so he discharge that. Come, let's goe.

Enter Bach. Leontius, Tella. (*Exeunt.*

Bac. And you shall finde Sir what a blessing heauen gaue you in such a sonne.

Le. Pray *gods* I may. Let's walk & change our subiect.

Bac. O sir, can any thing come sweeter to you, or strike a deeper ioy into your heart then your sons vertue?

Leon. I allow his vertues: but 'tis not handsome thus to feed my selfe with such moderate praises of mine owne.

Bac. The subiect of our cõmendations is it selfe grown so infinite in goodnesse, that all the glory wee can lay vpon it, though wee should open volumes of his praises, is a meere modesty in his expression, and shewes him lame still, like an ill wrought peece wanting proportion.

Leo. Yet still he is a man, and subiect still to more inordinate vices, then our loue can giue him blessing.

Bac. Else he were a *god*: yet so neere as he is, he comes to heauen, that wee may see so farre as flesh can poyne vs things onely worthy them, and onely these in all his actions.

Leon. This is too much my Queene.

Bach. Had the *gods* lou'd me, that my vnworthy wombe had bred this braue man.

Leon. Still you runne wrong.

Bach. I would haue liu'd vpon the comfort of him, fed on his growing hopes. *Leo.* This touches me.

Bach. I know no friends, nor being, but his vertues.

Le. You haue laid out words enough vpon a subiect.

Bach. But words cannot expresse him sir: why what a shape Heauen has conceiu'd him in, oh Nature made him vp! *Leon.* I wonder *Dutches.*

Bach. So you must: for lesse then admiration loses this god-like man. *Leon.* Haue you done with him?

Bach. Done with? O good gods what frailties thus passe by vs without reuerence?

Leon. I see no such perfection.

Bac. O deere Sir: you are a father, and those ioyes
To you, speake in your heart, not in your tongue.

Leo. This leaues a tast behind it worse then phyſick,

Baca. Then for all his vvisedome, valour,
Good Fortune, and all those Friends of honour,
They are in him as free and naturall, as passions
In a Woman.

Leon. You make me blush at all these yeeres
To see how blindly you haue flung your praises
Vpon a Boy, a very childe, and vvorthlesse,
Whilst I liue, of these Honours.

Bac. I would not haue my loue Sir make my tongue
Shew me so much a vvoman: as to praise
Or dispraise, vvhere my vvill is, vvithout reason
Or generall allowance of the people.

Leon. Allowance of the people, vvhat allow they.

Bac. All, I haue sed for truth, and they must doe it,
And dote vpon him: loue him, and admire him.

Leon. How's that?

Bac. For in this youth and noble forwardnes
All things are bound together that are kingly,
A fitnesse to beare rule: *Leon.* No more.

Bac. And Soueraignty not made to know command.

Leon. I haue sed: no more.

Bac. I haue done Sir though vnwilling, and pardon me.

Leon. I doe, not a word more.

Baca. I haue gin thee poyson
Of more infection then the Dragons tooth,
Or the grosse Ayre ore heated.

Leon. Timantus vvhen saw you the Prince?

Tim. I left him now Sir.

Leon. Tell me truly, out of your free opinion without courting. How you like him.

Tim. How like him?

Leon. Yes: for you in conuersation may see more

Then

then a Father.

Bac. It vvorkes.

Timanthes. Your Grace has chosen out an ill obseruer.

Leon. Yes, I meane of his ill: you talke rightly.

Tim. But you take me vvrong: All I know by him
I dare deliuer boldly: He is the store-house
And head of vertue: your great selfe excepted,
That feedes the Kingdome.

Leon. These are flatteries: I speake me his vices, there
you doe a seruice vvorth a Fathers thankes.

Tim. Sir, I cannot. If there bee any, sure they are the
times vvhich I could vvish lesse dangerous.
But pardon me, I am too bolde. (gers are.

Leon. You are not, forward and open what these dan-

Timan. Nay, good Sir. *Leon.* Nay, fall not off againe,
I vvill haue all.

Timan. Alas Sir, what am I, you should beleeue
My eyes or eares, so subtle to obserue
Faults in a State, all my maine businesse
Is seruice to your Grace, and necessaries
For my poore life.

Leon. Doe not displease me Sirrah,
But that you know tell me, and presently.

Timan. Since your Grace will haue it
Ile speake it freely: Alwayes my obedience
And loue, preserv'd vnto the Prince.

Leon. Prethee to the matter.

Tim. For Sir, if you consider
How like a Sunne in all his great employments,
How full of heate.

Leon. Make me vnderstand what I desire.

Tim. And then at his returne.

Leon. Doe not anger me.

Tim. Then thus Sir: All mislike yee,
As they would doe the gods, if they did dwell with em.

Leon. What?

Tim. Talke and prate, as their ignorant rages

leades em, without Alleageance or Religion.
For Heauens sake haue a care of your owne person:
I cannot tell, their wickednes may leade
Farther then I dare thinke yet. *Leo.* O base people.
Tim. Yet the Prince, for whom this is pretended may
Perswade em, and no doubt will, vertue is euer watchfull,
But be you still secur'd and comforted.
Leon. Heauen how haue I offended, that this rod
So heauy and vnnaturall, should fall vpon me
When I am olde and helpelesse.
Tim. Braue Gentl. that such a madding loue should
follow thee, to rob thee of a Father:
All the Court is full of dangerous whispers.
Leon. I perceiue it, and spight of all their strengths will
make my safety: Ile cut him shorter.
Ile cut him shorter first, then let him rule.
Bach. What a foule Age is this, when Vertue is made
a sword to smite the vertuous? Alas, alas!
Leon. Ile teach him to flye lower.
Tim. By no meanes Sir, rather make more your loue,
And hold your fauour to him: for tis now
Impossible to yoke him, if his thoughts,
As I must nere beleeue, runne with their rages,
He neuer was so innocent, but what reason
His Grace has to withdraw his loue from me,
And other good men that are neere your person,
I cannot yet finde out: I know my duty
Has euer beene attending.
Leon. Tis too plaine: He meanes to play the villaine,
Ile preuent him, not a word more of this, be priuate.
Exit Leontius.
Tim. Madame tis done (noble men?
Bac. He cannot escape me. Haue you spoken with the
Tim. Yes Madame they are heere: I waite a further
seruice. *Bac.* Till yet be the Prince, you needs no more
instructions. *Tim.* No, I haue it. *Exit Timanthes.*

Enter

Enter Dorialus, Nisus, Agenor.

Bac. That foole that vvillingly prouokes a vvoman,
Has made himselfe another euill Angell,
And a new Hell, to which all other torments
Are but meere pastime: Now my noble Lords,
You must excuse me, that vnmannerly
We haue broke your priuate businesse.

Agen Your good Grace may command vs, and that.

Bac. Faith my Lord *Agenor*: Tis so good a cause
I am confident, you cannot loose by it.

Dorialus. Which way does she fish now?
The deuill is but a foole to a right woman.

Nisus. Madame, we must needs winne in doing seruice
to such a gracious Lady.

Bac. I thanke you, and will let you know the businesse:
So I may haue your helps, neuer be doubtfull,
For tis so iust a cause, and will to you
Vpon the knowledge seeme so honourable,
That I assure my selfe your willing hearts
Will strait be for me in it.

Age. If she should proone good now, what wer't like?

Dorial. Thunder in *Ianuarie*, or a good woman,
That's stranger then all *Affricke*.

Bac. It shall not neede your wonder, this it is:
The Duke you know is olde, and rather subiect
To ease and prayers now, then all those troubles,
Cares, and continuall watchings, that attend
A Kingdomes safety, therefore to preuent
The fall of such a flourishing Estate
As this has beene, and to put off
The murmure of the people that encrease
Against my gouernment, which the gods knowes
I onely feele the trouble of: I present
The Prince vnto your loues, a Gent.
In whom all Excellencies are knit together,

All

All peeces of a true man, let your prayers
Winne from the Duke halfe his Vexation,
That he may vndertake it, whose discretion
I must confesse, though it be from the Father,
Yet now is stronger, and more apt to gouerne.
'Tis not my owne desire, but all the Lands,
I know the weakenesse of it.

Nisus. Madame, this noble care and loue has won vs
For euer to your liues, weele to the King,
And since your Grace has put it in our mouthes,
Weele winne him with the cunningst words we can.

Dorial. I was neuer coufend in a vvoman before.
For commonly they are like Apples: If once they bruse
They will grow rotten thorow, and serue for nothing but
to asswage swellings.
But Good Lords delay no time, since tis your good
Pleasures to thinke my counsell good, and by no meanes
Let the Prince know it, vvhose affections
Will stirre mainely against it: besides his Father
May hold him dangerous, if it be not carried
So that his forward will appeare not in it,
Goe, and be happy.

Dorial. Well, I would not be Chronicled as thou
Wilt be for a good woman, for all the world.

Nisus. Madame, we kisse your hand, and so inspire.
Nothing but happinesse can crowne our prayers. *Exeunt.*

Actus quarti. Scæna Prima.

Enter Leucippus, Ismenus.

Leu. And thus she has vs'd me, is't not a good mother?

Ismenus. Why killed you her not?

Leu. The gods forbid it.

Ismenus. S'light, if all the women ith world were barren, shee had dyde.

But

Leuc. But tis not reason directs thee thus.

Ismen. Then haue I none at all, for all I haue in me
Directs me: Your Father's in a pretty rage.

Leucippus. Why?

Ismenius. Nay, tis well, if he know himselfe, but some of the Nobility haue deliuered a petition to him: what's in't, I know not, but it has put him to his trumps: hee has taken a moneths time to answere it, and chafes like himselfe.

Enter Leontius Bacha, and Tellamon.

Leu He's here *Ismenus.*

Leon. Set me downe *Tellamon. Leucippus.*

Leu. Sir.

Bach. Nay, good Sir bee at peace, I dare sweare hee knew not of it.

Leon. You are foolish: peace.

Bach. All will goe ill, deny it boldly Sir, trust me hee cannot proue it by you.

Leu. What?

Bach. Youle make all worse too with your facing it.

Leuc. What is the matter?

Leon. Know'st thou that petition?
Looke on it well: wouldst thou be ioyn'd with me
(Vnnaturall childe to be weary of me)
Ere Fate esteeme me fit for other worlds.

Bac. May be he knowes not of it.

Leuc. O strange carriages!
Sir, As I haue hope that there is any thing
To reward doing well, my vsages
Which haue beene (but tis no matter what)
Haue put me so farre from the thought of Greatnes,
That I should welcome it like a disease
That grew vpon me, and I could not cure.
They are my enemies that gaue you this,
And yet they call me friend, and are themselues
I feare abus'd. I am weary of my life,

For Gods ſake take it from me : it creates
More miſchiefe in the State then it is worth.
The vſage I haue had, I know would make
Wiſedome her ſelfe run frantick through the ſtreetes,
And Patience quarrell with her ſhaddow.
Sir, this ſword ——

Bac. Alas! helpe for the loue of heauen,
Make way through me firſt, for he is your Father.

Leon. What, would he kill me?

Bac. No ſir, no.

Leo. Thou alwayes mak'ſt the beſt on't : but I feare--

Leu. Why doe you vſe me thus? who iſt can thinke
That I would kill my Father, that can yet
Forbeare to kill you? Here Sir is my ſword,
I dare not touch it, leſt ſhe ſay againe
I would haue kill'd you : let me not haue mercy
When I moſt neede it, if I would not change
Place with my meaneſt ſeruant. Let theſe faults
Be mended Madame : if you ſaw how ill
They did become you, you would part with them.

Bac. I told the Duke as much before.

Leu. What? vvhat did you tell him?

Bac. That it was onely an ambition,
Nurſt in you by your youth, prouokt you thus,
Which age would take away.

Leon. It was his doing then : come hither Loue.

Bac. No indeed ſir.

Leu. How am I made, that I can beare all this?
If any one had vs'd a friend of mine nere this,
My hand had carried death about it.

Leon. Lead me hence *Tellamon* : come my deare
Bacha, I ſhall finde time for this.

Iſm. Madame, you know I dare not ſpeake before
The King; but you know well, if not, Ile tell you,
You are the moſt vvickedſt, and moſt murderous
Strumpet that euer was call'd Woman.

Bac. My

Bac. My Lord, vvhat I can doe for him hee ſhall command me.

Leon. I know thou art too kinde; away I ſay.

Exit Leon. Bac. Tima. Tella.

Iſme. Sir, I am ſure vve dreame this cannot be.

Leu. O that vve did, my vvickednes has brought
All this to paſſe, elſe I ſhould beare my ſelfe.

Enter Vrania.

Iſme. Looke, doe you ſee vvhoſe there? your vertuous Mothers iſſue: kill her, yet take ſome little pidling reuenge.

Leuc. Away, the vvhole Court calls her vertuous; for they ſay, ſhee is vnlike her Mother, and if ſo, ſhee can haue no vice.

Iſme. Ile truſt none of em that come of ſuch a breed.

Leu. But I haue found
A kinde of loue in her to me: alas,
Thinke of her death! I dare be ſworne for her,
She is as free from any hate to me
As her bad Mothers full. She vvas brought vp
Ith Country, as her tongue will let you know. *Enter Vra.*
If you but talke vvith her, vvith a poore Vnkle,
Such as her Mother had.

Iſme. She's come againe.

Vra. I would fene ſpeake to the good *Marqueſſe* my brother, if I but thought he could abaid me.

Leuc. Siſter, how doe you?

Vra. Very vvell I thanke you.

Iſme. How does your good Mother?

Leuc. Fie, fie, *Iſmenus* for ſhame, mocke ſuch an innocent ſoule as this.

Vra. Feth a ſhe be no good, God may her ſo.

Leu. I know you vviſh it with your heart deare ſiſter, but ſhe is good I hope.

Iſme. Are you ſo ſimple, to make ſo much of this,
Doe you not know,

For Gods ſake take it from me: it creates
More miſchiefe in the State then it is worth.
The vſage I haue had, I know would make
Wiſedome her ſelfe run frantick through the ſtreetes,
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Vra. Feth a ſhe be no good, God may her ſo.

Leu. I know you vviſh it with your heart deare ſiſter, but ſhe is good I hope.

Iſme. Are you ſo ſimple, to make ſo much of this,
Doe you not know,

That all her vvicked mother labours for, is but to raiſe
Her to your right, and leaue her this Dukedome.
Vra. I, but nere ſir be afred;
For though ſhe take th'vngainſt weas ſhe can,
Ile nere hat fro you.
Leuc. I ſhould hate my ſelfe *Iſmenus*;
If I ſhould thinke of her ſimplicity,
Ought but extreamely vvell.
Iſme. Nay as you vvill.
Vra. And though ſhe be my Mother,
If ſhe take any caurſe to doe you vvrong,
If I can ſeet, youſt quickly heare ont ſir:
And ſo Ile take my leaue.
Leu. Farewell good Siſter, I thanke you.

Exit Vrania.

Iſmen. You beleeue all this.
Leu. Yes.

Enter Timantus.

Iſme. A good faith doth vvell, but me thinks
It vvere no hard matter now, for her Mother to ſend her:
Yonder's one you may truſt if you vvill too.
Leu: So I vvill, if he can ſhew me as apparant ſignes
Of truth as ſhe did; Does he vveepe *Iſmenus?*
Iſm. Yes, I think ſo: ſome goods happend I warrant:
Doe you heare, you? What honeſt man has ſcap'd miſery,
that thou art crying thus?
Timantus. Noble *Iſmenus*, vvhere's the Prince?
Iſmen. Why there, haſt vvept thine eyes out?
Timantus. Sir, I beſeech you heare me.
Leuc. Well, ſpeake on.
Iſmenus. Why; vvill you heare him?
Leu. Yes *Iſmenus*, vvhy?
Iſmenus. I vvould heare blaſphemy as willingly.
Leu. You are too blame.
Tim. No Sir: He is not to blame;
If I were as I was.

Iſmen.

Ismen. Nor as thou art, yfaith a whit to blame,
Leuc. What's your busines?
Tim. Faith Sir, I am ashamed to speake before you,
My conscience tells me I haue iniurd you,
And by the earnest instigation
Of others, haue not done you to the King
Alwayes the best and friendliest offices;
Which pardon me, or I will neuer speake.
Ismen. Neuer pardon him and silence, a knaue.
Leu. I pardon thee. *Tim.* Your mother sure is naught.
Leuc. Why shouldst thou thinke so?
Tim. O noble Sir, your honest eyes perceiue not
The dangers you are led to; shame vpon her,
And vvhat fell miseries the gods can thinke on
Showre downe vpon her vvicked head, she has plotted,
I know too vvell your death: would my poore life
Or thousand such as mine is, might be offered
Like sacrifices vp for your preseruing,
What free oblations vvould she haue to glut her,
But she is mercilesse, and bent to ruine;
If heauen and good men step not to your rescue,
And timely, very timely: O this Dukedome!
I weepe, I weepe for the poore Orphanes ith Country
Left with but friends, or parents.
Leuc. Now *Ismenus*, vvhat thinke you of this fellow?
This was a lying knaue, a flatterer,
Does not this loue still shew him so.
Ismen. This loue, this halter: if he proue not yet
The cunningst rankest Rogue that euer *Canted*,
Ile neuer see man againe: I know him to bring,
And can interpret euery new face he makes;
Looke how he vvrings like a good stoole for a teare:
Take heede, Children and Fooles
First feele the smart: Then vveepe.
Leuc. Away, away, such an vnkinde distrust,
Is vvorse then a dissembling, if it be one,

And ſooner leades to miſchiefe I beleeue it,
And him an honeſt man: he could not carry
Vnder an euill cauſe ſo true a ſorrow.
Iſmenus. Take heede, this is your Mothers ſcorpion,
That carries ſtings euen in his teares,
Whoſe ſoule is a ranke poyſon through: Touch
Not at him, if you doe, you are gone, if you had twenty
Liues: I knew him for a Roguiſh Boy, vvhen
He would poyſon Dogges, and keepe tame Toades,
He lay vvith his Mother, and infected her, and now
Shee begges ith Hoſpitall, with a patch of veluet,
Where her Noſe ſtood: like the queene of ſpades.
And all her Teeth in her purſe, the Deuill and this
Fellow are ſo neere, Tis not yet knowne vvhich is the
euiller Angell.
Leu. Nay, then I ſee tis ſpite: Come hither friend.
Haſt thou not heard the cauſe yet that incenſd my Mother
to my death, for I proteſt I feele none in my ſelfe?
Timantus. Her vvill Sir, and ambition, as I thinke,
Are the prouokers of it, as in vvomen,
Thoſe two are euer powerfull to deſtruction,
Beſide a hate of your ſtill growing vertues,
Shee being onely vvicked.
Leu. Heauens defend me as I am innocent,
And euer haue beene from all immoderate thoughts and
Actions, that carry ſuch rewards along vvith em.
Tima. Sir, all I know, my duty muſt reueale,
My Country and my loue command it from me,
For whom Ile lay my life downe, this night comming.
A Counſell is appointed by the Duke,
To ſit about your apprehenſion:
If you dare truſt my faith: vvhich by all good things
Shall euer vvatch about you: Goe along,
And to a place Ile guide you: vvhere no word
Shall ſcape vvithout your hearing, Nor no plot.
Without diſcouering to you, vvhich once knowne, you
haue

haue your answers and preuention.

If. You are not so mad to goe; shift off this fellow, you shall be rul'd once by a wise man: Ratsbane get you gone, or ——

L. Peace, peace for shame, thy loue is too suspitious, tis a way offered to preserue my life, and I will take it: be my Guide *Timantus*, and doe not minde this angry man, thou know'st him: I may liue to requite thee.

Tim. Sir, this seruice is done for vertues sake, not for reward, how euer he may hold me.

If. The great pox on you: but thou hast that curse so much, twill grow a blessing in thee shortly. Sir, for wisedomes sake court not your death, I am your friend and subiect, and I shall lose in both: if I lou'd you not, I would laugh at you, and see you runne your neck into the noose, and cry a Woodcock.

Leu. So much of man, and so much fearefull; fie, prethee haue peace within thee: I shall liue yet many a golden day to hold thee here deerest and neerest to me: Goe on *Timantus*. I charge you by your loue no more, no more.

Exeunt Leuc. Tim.

If. Goe, and let your owne rod whip you:
I pity you. And dog, if he miscarry thou shalt pay for't,
Ile study for thy punishment, and it shall last
Longer and sharper then a tedious Winter,
Till thou blasphem'st, and then thou diest and damn'st.

Exit.

Enter Leontius and Tellaman.

Leon. I wonder the *Dutchesse* comes not.

Tel. She has heard sir your will to speake with her:
But there is something leaden at her heart,
(Pray God it be not mortall) that euen keepes her
From conuersation with her selfe.

Enter the Dutchesse.

B. O whither will you my crosse affections pull me?
Fortune, Fate, and you whose powers direct our actions,

And

And dwell within vs: you that are Angells
Guiding to vertue, wherefore haue you giuen
So strong a hand to euill? wherefore sufferd
A Temple of your owne, you Deities
Where your faire selues dwelt onely, and your goodnes
Thus to be soyl'd with sinne.
Leon. Heauen blesse vs all.
From whence comes this distemper? speake my faire one.
Bac. And haue you none, loue and obedience,
You euer faithfull Seruants to imploy
In this strange story of impiety,
But me a Mother; Must I be your strumpet?
To lay blacke treason vpon and in him,
In whom all sweetnes was: in whom my loue
Was prou'd to haue a being, in whom iustice,
And all the gods for our imaginations
Can worke into a man, were more then vertues,
Ambition downe to hell, where thou wert fosterd,
Thou hast poysond the best soule, the purest, whitest,
And neerest innocentst it selfe that euer
Mens greedy hopes gaue life to.
Leon. This is still stranger: lay this treason
Open to my correction.
Bac. O what a combat duty and affection
Breedes in my blood!
Leon. If thou concealst him, may
Beside my death, the curses of the Country,
Troubles of conscience, and a wretched end,
Bring thee vnto a poore forgotten graue.
Bach. My being: for another tongue to tell it,
Cease, a mother! some good man that dares
Speake for his King and Country: I am full
Of too much womans pitty: yet O Heauen,
Since it concernes the safety of my Soueraigne,
Let it not be a cruelty in me,
Nor draw a Mothers name in question,

Amongst

Amongst vnborne people, to giue vp that man
To Law and Iustice, that vnrighteously
Has sought his Fathers death: be deafe, be deafe Sir,
Your Sonne is the Offender: Now haue you all,
Would I might neuer speake againe.

Leon. My Sonne: Heauen helpe me.
No more! I thought it: and since
His life is growne so dangerous: Let them that
Gaue him, take him: He shall dye,
And with him all my feares.

Bac. O vse your mercy: you haue a braue subiect
To bestowe it on. Ile forgiue him Sir: and for his
Wrong to me, Ile be before yee.

Leon. Durst his villany extend to thee?

Bac. Nothing but heates of youth Sir.

Leon. Vpon my life he sought my Bed.

Bach. I must confesse he loued me
Somewhat beyond a Sonne: and still pursude it
With such a Lust, I will not say *Ambition*:
That cleane forgetting all obedience,
And onely following his first heate vnto me,
He hotly sought your death, and me in Marriage.

Leon. O Villaine!

Bac. But I forget all: and am halfe asham'd
To presse a man so farre.

Enter Timantus.

Tim. Where is the Duke? for Gods sake bring me to him!

Leon. Here I am: Each corner of the Dukedome
Sends new affrights forth: what wouldst thou? speake.

Timantus. I cannot Sir, my feare tyes vp my tongue.

Leon. Why, what's the matter? Take thy courage
To thee, and boldly speake, where are the Guard?
In the gods name, our with it: *Tim.* Treason, treason.

Leon. In whom? *Bac.* Double the Guard.

Timantus. There is a fellow Sir.

Leon. Leaue shaking man.

Timant. Tis not for feare, but wonder. *Leon.* Well.

Timant. There is a fellow Sir, close ith Lobby:
You o'the Guard, looke to the dore there.

Leon. But let me know the businesse.

Tima. O that the hearts of men should be so hardned
Against so good a Duke, for Gods sake Sir,
Seeke meanes to saue your selfe, This wretched slaue
Has his sword in his hand, I know his heart:
Oh it hath almost kill'd me with the thought of it.

Leon. Where is he?

Enter the Guard, and bring him in.

Timant. I'th Lobby Sir, close in a corner:
Looke to your selues, for Heauens sake,
Me thinks he is here already.
Fellowes of the Guard be valiant.

Leon. Goe sirs, and apprehend him; Treason shall
Neuer dare me in mine owne Gates. *Tim.* Tis done.

There they bring the Prince in.

Bac. And thou shalt finde it to thy best content.

Leon. Are these the comforts of my Age?
They're happy that end their dayes contented
With a little, and liue aloofe from dangers, to a King
Euery content doth a new perill bring;
O let me liue no longer, shame of Nature,
Bastard to Honour: Traytor, Murderer,
Deuill in a humane shape, Away with him,
He shall not breath his hote infection here.

Leus. Sir, heare me.

Leon. Am I or he your Duke? away with him
To a close prison: your Highnesse now shall know,
Such branches must be cropt before they growe.

Leus. What euer Fortune comes, I bid it welcome,
My innocencie is my Armour: Gods preserue you.

Exit.

Bac. Fare thee well. I shall neuer see so braue a Gentl.
Would I could weepe out his offences.

Tim.

Tim. Or I could weepe out mine eyes.

Leon. Come Gentlemen, weele determine presently About his death: vve cannot be too forward in our Safety: I am very sick, leade me vnto my bed. *Exeunt.*

Enter Citizen and his Boy.

Citiz. Sirrah, goe fetch my Foxe from the Cutlers: There's money for the scowring: Tell him I stop a Groat since the last great Muster: He had in stone Pitch for the bruise: He tooke with the recoyling of his Gunne.

Boy. Yes Sir.

Citiz. And doe you heare? vvhen you come, Take downe my Buckler, and sweepe the Cobwebs off: and grinde the picke ont, and fetch a Naile or two: and tacke on bracers: your Mistris made a potlid on't, I thanke her at her Mayds vvedding, and burnt off the Handle. *Boy.* I will Sir. *Exit.*

Citiz. Whoes within heere, hoe Neighbour, not stirring yet?

2. *Citiz.* O, good morrowe, good morrowe: vvhat newes, what newes?

1. *Citiz.* It holds, he dyes this morning.

2. *Citiz.* Then happy man be his fortune, I am resolu'd.

1. *Citiz.* And so am I, and 40. more good fellowes, That will not giue their heads for the washing, I take it.

2. *Citiz.* Sfoote man, vvho would not hang in such good company, and such a cause? A Fire, a Wife and Children, Tis such a iest that men should looke behinde em to the world: And let their honours, their honours Neighbour slip.

1. *Citiz.* Ile giue thee a pinte of *Bastard* and a Roll for that bare word.

2. *Citiz.* They say that wee Taylors, are things that lay one another, and our Geese harch vs: Ile make some of vm feele they are Geese ath game then. Ifack take downe my Bill, tis ten to one I vse it, Take a good hart man, all the low ward is ours, with a wet finger.

And lay my cut-fingred Gantlet ready for me,
That, that I vſed to worke in, when the Gentl. were
Vp againſt vs, and beaten out of towne, and almoſt out a
Debt to: for a plague on vm, they neuer paid well ſince,
And take heede ſirrah: your Miſtris heares not of this
Buſineſſe, ſhe's neere her time: yet if ſhe doe,
I care not, ſhe may long for Rebellion,
For ſhe has a deuilliſh ſpirit.

1. *Citiz.* Come, let's call vp the new Iremonger, h'is as tough as ſteele, and has a fine wit in theſe reſurrections; Are you ſtirring Neighbour?

3. *Within.* O, Good morrow Neighbours,
Ile come to you preſently.

2. Goe too, this is his Mothers doing: ſhe's a *Polecat.*

1. As any is in the world.

2. Then ſay I haue hit it, and a vengeance on her, let her be what ſhe will.

1. Amen ſay I, ſhee has brought things to a fine paſſe with her wiſedome: doe you marke it?

2. One thing I am ſure ſhe has, the good old *Duke* ſhe giues him pappe againe they ſay, and dandles him, and hangs a corrall and bells about his necke, and makes him beleeue his teeth will come agen; vvhich if they did, and I he, I would worry her as neuer Curre was worried: I would Neighbour till my teeth met I know where, but that's counſell.

Enter third Citizen.

3. Good morrow Neighbours: heare you the ſadde newes?

1. Yes, would we knew as well how to preuent it.

3. I cannot tell, me thinks twere no great matter, if men were men: but ——

2. You doe not twit me with my calling neighbour?

3. No ſurely: for I know your ſpirit to be tall, pray be not vext.

2. Pray forward with your counſell:

I am

I am what I am, and they that proue me, ſhall finde me to their coſt: doe you marke me Neighbour, to their coſt I ſay.

1. Nay, looke how ſoone you are angry?

2. They ſhall Neighbours: yes, I ſay they ſhall.

3. I doe beleeue they ſhall.

1. I know they ſhall.

2. Whether you doe or no I care not two-pence, I am no beaſt, I know mine owne ſtrength Neighbours; God bleſſe the King, your companies is faire.

1. Nay Neighbour, now yee erre, I muſt tell you ſo, and yee were twenty Neighbours.

3. You had beſt goe peach, doe, peach.

2. Peach; I ſcorne the motion.

3. Doe, and ſee what followes: Ile ſpend an hundred pound, and be two I care not: but Ile vndoe thee.

2. Peach, O diſgrace! Peach in thy face, and doe the vvorſt thou canſt: I am a true man, and a free-man: peach!

1. Nay, looke, you will ſpoyle all.

2. Peach!

1. Whilſt you two brawle together, the *Prince* will loſe his life.

3. Come, giue me your hand, I loue you well, are you for the action.

2. Yes: but peach prouokes me, tis a cold fruit, I feele it cold in my ſtomack ſtill.

3. No more, Ile giue you cake to diſgeſt it.

Enter the fourth.

4. Shut vp my ſhop, and be ready at a call Boyes, and one of you runne ouer my olde tucke with a few aſhes, tis growne odious with toſting cheeſe: and burne a little Giniper in my Murrin, the Maide made it her Chamber-pot, an houre hence Ile come againe; and as you heare from me, ſend me a cleane ſhirt.

3. The Chandler by the wharfe, and it be thy will.

2. Goſsip, good morrow.

4. O good morrow Goſsip: good morrow all, I ſee ye of one minde you cleaue ſo cloſe together: come tis time, I haue prepared a hundred if they ſtand.

1. Tis well done: ſhall we ſeuer, and about it?

3. Firſt let's to the Tauerne, and a pynt a peece vvill make vs Dragons.

2. I will haue no mercy, come what will of it.

4. If my tucke hold, Ile ſpit the Guard like Larks with ſage betweene em.

3. I haue a fooliſh bill to reckon with em, will make ſome of their hearts ake, and Ile lay it on: now ſhall I fight, twill doe you good to ſee me.

3. Come, Ile doe ſomething for the Towne to talke of when I am rotten: pray God there bee enough to kill, that's all. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dorialus, Niſus, Agenor.

Age. How black the day begins!

Dor. Can you blame it, and looke vpon ſuch a deed as ſhall be done this morning?

Niſ. Does the *Prince* ſuffer to day?

Dor. Within this houre they ſay.

Agen. Well, they that are moſt vvicked are moſt ſafe: twill be a ſtrange Iuſtice and a lamentable, gods keepe vs from the too ſoone feeling of it.

Doria. I care not if my throat vvere next: for to liue ſtill, and liue heere, vvere but to growe fatte for the Shambles.

Niſ. Yet vve muſt doe it, and thanke em too, that our our lines may be accepted.

Age. Faith Ile goe ſtarue my ſelfe, or grow diſeas'd to ſhame the hang-man; for I am ſure he ſhall be my Herald, and quarter me.

Dor. I, a plague on him, he's too excellent at armes.

Niſus.

Niſus. Will you goe ſee this ſadde ſight my Lord *Agenor?*

Age. Ile make a mourner.

Dor. If I could doe him any good, I would goe,
The bare ſight elſe will but afflict my ſpirit,
My prayers ſhall be as neere him as your eyes:
As you finde him ſetled, remember my loue and ſeruice to his Grace.

Niſ. We will weepe for you Sir: farewell. *Exeunt.*

Dor. Farewell to all our happineſſe, a long farewell.
Thou angry power, whether of heauen or hell,
Thou layſt this ſharpe correction on our Kingdome
For our offences, infinite and mighty!
O heare mee, and at length be pleas'd, be pleas'd
With pitty to draw back thy vengeance,
Too heauy for our weakneſſe; and accept,
(Since it is your diſcretion, heauenly Wiſedomes,
To haue it ſo) this ſacrifice for all,
That now is flying to your happineſſe,
Onely for you moſt fit: let all our ſinnes ſuffer in him.

A ſhute within.

Gods, vvhat's the matter? I hope tis ioy.
How now my Lords?

Enter Agenor and Niſus.

Niſ. Ile tell you with that little breath I haue;
More ioy then you dare thinke, The *Prince* is ſafe from danger.

Dor. How!

Age. Tis true, and thus it was; his houre was come
To loſe his life, he ready for the ſtroke,
Nobly, and full of Saint-like patience,
Went with his Guard: which when the people ſaw,
Compaſsion firſt went out, mingled with teares,
That bred deſires, and whiſpers to each other,
To doe ſome worthy kindneſſe for the *Prince,*

And

And ere they vnderſtood well how to doe,
Fury ſtept in, and taught them what to doe,
Thruſting on euery hand to reſcue him,
As a white innocent: then flew the rore
Through all the ſtreetes, of *Saue him, ſaue him, ſaue him:*
And as they cride, they did; for catching vp
Such ſudden weapons as their madneſſe ſhew them.
In ſhort, they beat the Guard, and tooke him from em,
And now march with him like a royall Army.

Dor. Heauen, heauen I thanke thee,
What a ſlaue was I to haue my hand ſo farre from
This braue reſcue, 'tad beene a thing to bragge on
When I was olde. Shall we runne for a wager to the
Next Temple, and giue thanks?

Niſ. As faſt as wiſhes.

Enter Leucippus and Iſmenus: the people within ſtops.

Leu. Good friends goe home againe, there's not a man ſhall goe with me.

Iſme. Will you not take reuenge? Ile call them on.

Leuc. All that loue me, depart:
I thanke you, and will ſerue you for your loues:
But I will thanke you more to ſuffer me
To gouerne em once: more, I doe beg yee,
For my ſake to your houſes.

All within. Gods preſerue you.

Iſme. And what houſe will you goe to?

Leu. Iſmenus, I will take the warieſt courſes that I can thinke of to defend my ſelfe, but not offend.

Iſme. You may kill your Mother, and neuer offend your Father, an honeſt man.

Leu. Thou know'ſt I can ſcape now, that's all I looke for: Ile leaue.

Iſme. Timantus, a pox take him, would I had him here, I vvould kill him at his owne vveapon ſingle, ſithes wee

haue

haue built enough on him: plague on't, Ime out of all patience: diſcharge ſuch an Army as this, that vvould haue followed you without paying, O *gods*!

Leu. To vvhat end ſhould I keepe em? I am free.

Iſme. Yes, free o'th Traytors, for you are proclaymed one.

Leu. Should I therefore make my ſelfe one?

Iſme. This is one of your morall Philoſophy, is it? Heauen bleſſe me from ſubtilties to vndoe my ſelfe with: But I know, if reaſon her ſelfe were here, She vvould not part vvith her owne ſafety.

Leu. Well, pardon *Iſmenus*, for I know My courſes are moſt iuſt; nor vvill I ſtaine em With one bad action; for thy ſelfe, thou knowſt, That though I may command thee, I ſhall be A ready ſeruant to thee if thou needſt: and ſo Ile take my leaue.

Iſme. Of vvhom?

Leu. Of thee.

Iſme. Heart, you ſhall take no leaue of me.

Leu. Shall I not?

Iſme. No, by the *gods* ſhall you not: nay, if you haue no more vvitte but to goe abſolutely alone, Ile bee in a little.

Leu. Nay, prethee good *Iſmenus* part with me.

Iſme. I vvonnot yfaith, neuer moue it any more; for by this good light I vvonnot.

Leu. This is an ill time to be thus vnruly: *Iſmenus*, you muſt leaue me.

Iſme. Yes, if you can beat me away: elſe the gods refuſe me if I will leaue you till I ſee more reaſon; you ſha'nt vndoe your ſelfe.

Leu. But why wilt not leaue me?

Iſme. Why Ile tell you? Becauſe when you are gone, then ——— life, if I haue not forgot my reaſon ———. hell take mee: you put mee out of patience ſo: O!

marry when you are gone, then will your Mother (a pox confound her) she neuer comes in my head but she spoiles my memory to: there are a hundred reasons.

Leu. But shew me one.

Isme. Shew you what a stirre here is; why I will shew you: Doe you thinke; vvell, well, I know what I know, I pray come, come. Tis in vaine: but I am sure. Deuils take em; vvhat doe I meddle with em? You know your selfe. Soule, I thinke I am: is there any man ith world? as if you knew not this already better then I. Pish, pish, Ile giue no reason.

Leu. But I will tell thee one, vvhy thou shouldst stay:
I haue not one friend in the Court but thou,
On whom I may be bold to trust to send me
Any intelligence: and if thou lou'st me
Thou vvilt doe this, thou needst not feare to stay,
For there are new-come Proclamations out,
Where all are pardoned but my selfe.

Isme. Tis true, and in the same Proclamation your fine sister *Vrania*, vvhom you vs'd so kindly, is proclaym'd heire apparant to the Crowne.

Leu. What though, thou mayst stay at home vvithout danger.

Isme. Danger, hang danger, vvhat tell you mee of danger?

Leu. Why if thou wilt not do't, I thinke thou dar'st not.

Isme. I dare not: if you speake it in earnest, you are a Boy.

Leu. Well sir, if you dare, let me see you do't.

Isme, Why so you shall, I will stay.

Leu. Why God a mercy.

Isme. You know I loue you but too vvell.

Leu. Now take these few directions: farewell, send to mee by the wariest wayes thou canst: I haue a soule tells me we shall meete often. The gods protect thee.

Isme.

Isme. Poxe o'me selfe for an Asse, Ime crying now, God be with you, if I neuer see you againe: vvhy then pray get you gone, for griefe and anger wonnot let mee know what I say, Ile to the Court as fast as I can, and see the new heire apparant. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Vrania and her Woman.

Vran. What hast thou found him?

Wo. Madame, he is comming in.

Vran. Gods blesse my brother where so ere he is:
And I beseech you keepe me fro the bed
Of any naughty Tyrant whom my mother
Would ha me haue to wrong him. *Enter Ismenus.*

Isme. What would her new Grace haue with me?

Vra. Leaue vs a while. My Lord *Ismenus,* *Exit M.*
I pray for the loue of heauen and God,
That you would tell me one thing, which I know
You can doe weele.

Ism. Where's her faine Grace?

Vra. You know me weele inough, but that you mock, I am she my sen.

Isme. God blesse him that shall be thy husband, if thou wear'st breeches thus soone, thowlt bee as impudent as thy mother.

Vra. But will you tell me this one thing?

Ism. What ist? if it be no great matter whether I doe or no, perhaps I will. *Vra.* Yes faith tis matter.

Ism. And vvhat ist?

Vra. I pray you let mee know whaire the *Prince* my brother is.

Ism. Ifaith you shan be hangd first, is your mother so fooliſh to thinke your good Grace can sift it out of me?

Vrania. If you haue any mercy left i'you to a poore vvench tell me.

Isme. Why wouldst not thou haue thy braines beat out for this, to follow thy mothers steps so young?

Vra. But beleeue me, she knowes none of this.

Isme. Beleeue you? vvhy doe you think e I neuer had wits? or that I am runne out of them? how should it belong to you to know, if I could tell?

Vra. Why I vvill tell you? and if I speake false
Let the deuill ha me: Yonder's a bad man,
Come from a Tayrant to my mother, and vvhat name
They ha for him, good faith I cannot tell.

Isme. An Ambassador.

Vra. That's it: but he vvould carry me away,
And haue me marry his Master; and Ile day
Ere I vvill ha him.

Is. But vvhat's this to knowing vvhere the *Prince* is?

Vra. Yes: for you know all my mother does:
Agen, the *Prince* is but to ma me great.

Isme. Pray, I know that too vvell, vvhat ten?

Vra. Why, I would goe to the good *Marquesse* my Brother, and put my selfe into his hands, that so He may preserue himselfe.

Isme. O that thou hadst no seede of thy Mother in thee, and couldst meane this now.

Vra. Why feth I do, vvou'd I might nere stirre more if I doe not.

Ism. I shall proue a ridiculous foole, Ile be damn'd else: hang me if I doe not halfe beleeue thee.

Vra. By my troth you may.

Isme. By my troth I doe: I know Ime an Asse for't,
But I cannot helpe it.

Vra. And vvon you tell me then?

Ism. Yes faith vvill I, or any thing else ith vvorld, for I think thou art as good a creature as euer was borne.

Vra. But aile goe i' this ladst reparrell:

But

But you mun helpe me to Siluer.

Ismenus. Helpe thee: vvhy the Pox take him that will not helpe thee to any thing ith world, Ile helpe thee to Mony, and Ile doe't presently to, and yet soule, If you should play the scuruy Harlotry little pocky baggage now and couzen me, what then?

Vra. Why, an I do, wou'd I might nere see day agen.

Ism. Nay by this light, I doe not thinke thou wilt:
Ile presently prouide thee mony and a letter. *Exit Ism.*

Vra. I, but Ile nere deliuer it.
When I haue found my Brother, I will begge
To serue him; but he shall neuer know who I am:
For he must hate me then for my bad mother:
Ile say I am a Country Lad that want a seruice,
And haue streid on him by chance, lest he discouer me;
I know I must not liue long, but that taime
I ha to spend, shall be in seruing him.
And though my Mother seeke to take his life away,
In ai day my brother shall be taught
That I was euer good, though she were naught. *Exit.*

Enter Bacha and Timantus: Bacha reading a Letter.

Bach. Runne away, the deuill be her guide.

Tim. Faith shee's gone: there's a Letter I found it in her pocket, would I were with her, shee's a hansome Lady, a plague vpon my bashfulnesse, I had bobd her long agoe else.

Bach. What a base Whore is this, that after all
My wayes for her aduancement, should so poorely
Make vertue her vndoer, and choose this time,
The King being deadly sicke: and I intending
A present marriage with some forraigne Prince,
To strengthen and secure my selfe. She writes here
Like a wise Gentlewoman, She will not stay:
And the example of her deare brother, makes her
Feare her selfe, to whom she meanes to flye.

Timan. Why, vvho can helpe it?

Bac. Now pouerty and Lechery which is thy end, rot thee, where ere thou goeſt with all thy goodnes.

Timan. Berlady theyle bruze her: and ſhee were of braſſe. I am ſure theyle breake ſtone vvalls: I haue had experience of them both, and they haue made me deſperate: but there's a Meſſenger Madame come from the *Prince* with a Letter to *Iſmenus*, who by him returnes an anſwere.

Bac. This comes as pat as wiſhes: thou ſhalt preſently away *Timantus*. *Tim.* Whither Madame?

Ba. To the *Prince*, and take the Meſſenger for guide.

Tim. What ſhall I doe there? I haue done too much miſchiefe to be beleeued againe; or indeede, to ſcape with my head on my backe if I be once knowne.

Bac. Thou art a weake ſhallow foole: get thee a diſguiſe, and withall, when thou comſt before him, haue a Letter fain'd to deliuer him: and then, as thou haſt euer hope of goodnes by mee, or after mee, ſtrike one home ſtroke that ſhall not neede another: dar'ſt thou ſpeake, dar'ſt thou? if thou fall'ſt off, goe be a Rogue againe, and lye and Pander to procure thy meate: dar'ſt thou? ſpeake to me?

Tim. Sure I ſhall neuer walke when I am dead: I haue no ſpirit Madame, Ile be drunke but Ile doe it, that's all my refuge. *Exit.*

Bac. Away, no more, then Ile raiſe an Army whilſt the King yet liues, if all the meanes and power I haue can do it, I cannot tell. *Enter Iſmenus and 3. Lords.*

Iſm. Are you inuenting ſtill? weele eaſe your ſtudies.

Bac. Why how now ſawcy Lords?

Iſm. Nay Ile ſhake yee; yes deuill, I will ſhake yee.

Bac. Doe not you know me Lords?

Niſ. Yes deadly ſin we know ye, would we did not.

Iſm. Doe you heare Whore, a plague a God vpon thee, the Duke is dead. *Bach.* Dead!

Iſm. I,

Ism. I, wild-fire and brimstone take thee: good man he is dead, and past those miseries which thou, salt infection-like; like a disease, flungst vpon his head. Dost thou heare, and twere not more respect in Woman-hood in generall then thee, because I had a Mother, who I will not say shee was good, shee liu'd so neere thy time, I would haue thee in vengeance of this man, whose peace is made in heauen by this time, tyed to a post, and dryed ith sunne, and after carried about, and showne at Fayres for money, with a long story of the deuill thy father, that taught thee to bee whorish, enuious, bloudy.

Bac. Ha, ha, ha.

Ism. You fleering harlot, Ile haue a horse to leape thee, and thy base issue shall carry Sumpters. Come Lords, bring her along, weele to the *Prince* all, where her hell-hood shall waite his censure; and if he spare the she Goat, may he lye with thee againe: and beside, mayst thou lay vpon him some nasty foule disease that hate still followes, and his end, a dry ditch. Leade you corrupted whore, or Ile draw a goade shall make you skip: away to the *Prince*.

Bac. Ha, ha, ha, I hope yet I shall come too late to finde him. *Cornets. Cupid from aboue.*

Enter Leucippus, Vrania: Leucippus with a bloudy Handkercher.

Leu. Alas poore Boy, why dost thou follow me?
What canst thou hope for? I am poore as thou art.

Vra. In good feth I shall be weele and rich enough
If you will loue me, and not put me from you.

Leu. Why dost thou choose out me Boy to vndo thee?
Alas, for pitty take another Master,
That may be able to deserue thy loue
In breeding thee hereafter: me thou knowst not,
More then my misery: and therefore canst not
Looke for rewards at my hands: would I were able
My pretty knaue, to doe thee any kindnesse: truely

Good

Good Boy, I would vpon my faith, thy harmeleſſe
Innocence moues me at heart: wilt thou goe
Saue thy ſelfe; why doeſt thou weepe?
Alas, I doe not chide thee.

Vrania. I cannot tell if I goe from you; Sir I ſhall nere dawne day more: Pray if you can I will bee true to you: Let mee waite on you: If I were a man, I vvould fight for you: Sure you haue ſome ill-willers, I would ſlay vm.

Leu. Such harmeleſſe ſoules are euer Prophets: well I take thy wiſh, thou ſhalt bee with mee ſtill: But prethee eate, my good Boy: Thou wilt die my childe if thou faſts one day more. This foure dayes thou haſt taſted nothing: Goe into the Caue and eate: Thou ſhalt finde ſomething for thee, to bring thy bloud agen, and thy faire colour.

Vra. I cannot eate, God thanke you,
But ile eate to morrow.

Leu. Thow't be dead by that time.

Vra. I ſhould be well then, for you will not loue me.

Leu. Indeed I will. This is the prettieſt paſsion that ere I felt yet: why doſt thou looke ſo carneſtly vpon me?

Vra. You haue faire eyes Maſter.

Leu. Sure the Boy dotes: vvhy doſt thou ſigh my childe?

Vra. To thinke that ſuch a fine man ſhould liue, and no gay Lady loue him.

Leu. Thou wilt loue me?

Vra. Yes ſure till I die, and when I am in heauen Ile eene wiſh for you.

Leu. And Ile come to thee Boy.
This is a Loue I neuer yet heard tell of: come, thou art ſleepy childe; goe in, and Ile ſit with thee: heauen what portends this?

Vra. You are ſad, but I am not ſleepy, would I could doe ought to make you merry: ſhall I ſing?

Leu. If thou wilt good Boy.

Leu. Alas my boy; that thou shouldst comfort me and art farre worse then I!

Enter Timantus with a letter disguised.

Vra. Law Master, theres one, looke to your selfe

Leu. What art thou, that in this dismall place,
Which nothing could finde out but misery,
Thus boldly stepst? Comfort was neuer heere,
Here is no foode, nor beds, nor any house
Built by a better *Architect* then beasts;
Andere you get dwelling from one of them,
You must fight for it: if you conquer him,
He is your meate; if not, you must be his.

Tim. I come to you (for if I not mistake, you are the *Prince*) from that most Noble Lord *Ismenus* vvith a Letter.

Vra. Alas I feare I shall be discouered now.

Leu. Now I feele my selfe the Poorest of all mortall things.
Where is he that receiues such courtesies
But he has meanes to shew his gratefullnes
Some way or other? I haue none at all:
I know not how to speake so much as well
Of thee, but to these trees.

Leucippus opening the Letter, the whilst Timantus runnes at him, and Vrania steppes before.

Tim. His Letters speake him sir——

Vra. Gods keepe me but from knowing him till I dye: aye me, sure I cannot liue a day, ô thou foule Traytor: Hovv doe you Master?

Leu. Hovv dost thou my childe? alas, looke on his, it may make thee repentant, to behold those innocent drops that thou hast drawe from thence.

Vra. T is nothing sir and you be well.

Tim. O pardon me, know you me now sir?

Leu. How couldst thou finde me out?

Tima. Wee intercepted a Letter from *Ismenus*, and

the bearer directed me.

Leu. Stand vp *Timantus* boldly,
The world conceiues that thou art guilty
Of diuers treasons to the State and me:
But ô farre be it from the innocence
Of a iust man, to giue a traytor death
Without a tryall: here the Country is not
To purge thee or condemne thee; therefore
A nobler tryall then thou dost deserue,
Rather then none at all, here I accuse thee
Before the face of Heauen, to be a traytor
Both to the *Duke* my Father and to me, and the
Whole Land: speake, is it so or no?

Tima. Tis true sir, pardon me.

Leu. Take heed *Timantus* how thou dost cast avvay thy selfe, I must proceed to execution hastily if thou confesse it: speake once againe, ist so or no?

Tima. I am not guilty sir.

Fight here: the Prince gets his sword and giues it him.

Leu. *Gods* and thy sword acquit thee, here it is.

Timantus. I will not vse any violence against your Highnesse.

Leu. At thy perill then, for this must be thy tryall: and from henceforth looke to thy selfe.

Timantus drawes his sword, and runnes at him when he turnes aside.

Tim. I doe beseech you sir let me not fight.

Leu. Vp, vp againe *Timantus*,
There is no way but this beleeue me.
Now if ——— Fye, fie *Timantus*, is there no
Vsage can recouer thee from baseneſſe? wert thou
Longer to conuerse with men, I vvould haue chid
Thee for this: be all thy faults forgiuen.

Tim. O spare me sir, I am not fit for death.

Leu. I thinke thou art not; yet must me, fitter then

for

for life: Yet tell me ere thy breath be gone, knowst of any other plots against mee?

Tim Of none.

Leu. What course wouldst thou haue taken when thou hadst kild mee?

Tima. I wouldst haue tane your *Page*, and married her.

Leu. What *Page*?

Tim. Your Boy there. —— *Dyes.*

Vrania sounds.

Leu. Is he falne mad in death, what does he meane?
Some good God helpe me at the worst: how dost thou?
Let not thy misery vexe me, thou shalt haue
What thy poore heart can wish: I am a *Prince*,
And I will keepe thee in the gayest cloathes,
And the finest things, that euer pretty boy had giuen him.

Vra. I know you well enough,
Feth I am dying, and now you know all too.

Leu. But stir vp thy selfe; looke what a Iewell here is,
See how it glisters: what a pretty shew
Will this make in thy little eare? ha, speake
Eate but a bit, and take it.

Vra. Doe you not know me?

Leu. I prethee minde thy health: why thats well sayd my good boy, smile still.

Vra. I shall smile till death an I see you,
I am *Vrania* your sister-in-Law.

Leu. How!

Vra I am *Vrania*.

Leu. Dulnesse did ceaze me, now I know thee well;
Alas why camst thou hither?

Vra. Feth for loue, I would not let you know till I vvas dying; for you could not loue mee, my Mother was so naught.

Leu. I will loue thee, or any thing: what? wilt
Thou leaue mee as soone as I know thee?

Speake one word to me: alas shees past it,
She will nere speake more.
What noyse is that? it is no matter who
Enter Ismenus with the Lords.
Comes on me now. What worse then mad are you
That seeke out sorrowes? if you loue delights
Be gone from hence.

Isme. Syr, for you wee come, as Souldiers to reuenge the wrongs you haue suffered vnder this naughtie Creature: what shall bee done with her? say, I am ready.

Leu. Leaue her to Heauen, braue Cousen, they shall tell her how shee has sin'd against em, my hand shall neuer bee staind vvith such base bloud: liue wicked *Mother*, that reuerend title bee your pardon, for I wil vse no extreamitie against you, but leaue you to Heauen.

Bacha. Hell take you all or if there be a place
Of torment that exceedes that, get you thither:
And till the diuels haue you, may your liues
Be one continued plague, and such a one,
That knowes no friends nor ending.
May all ages that shall succeede curse you as I doe:
And if it bee possible, I aske it heauen,
That your base issues may bee euer Monsters,
That must for shame of nature and succession,
Bee drownd like dogs.
Would I had breath to please you.

Leu. Would you had loue within you, and such Griefe
As might become a Mother: looke you there,
Know you that face? that was *Vrania*:
These are the fruits of those vnhappy Mothers,
That labour with such horrid byrths as you doe:
If you can weepe, theres cause; poore innocent,
Your wickednes has kild her: Ile weepe for you.

Isme. Monstrous woman,
Mars would weepe at this, and yet shee cannot.

Leu.

Leuc. Here lies your Minion too, slaine by my hand,
I will not say you are the cause: yet certaine,
I know you were too blame, the *Gods* forgiue you.

Isme. See, she stands as if she were inuenting
Some new destruction for the world.

Leu. *Ismenus*, thou art welcome yet to my sad companie.

Isme. I come to make you somewhat sadder sir.

Leu. You cannot, I am at the height already.

Isme. Your Fathers dead.

Leu. I though so, Heauen bee with him: ô woman, woman, weepe now or neuer, thou hast made more sorrowes then we haue eyes to vtter,

Bac. Now let Heauen fall, I am at the worst of euils, a thing so miserably wretched, that euery thing, the last of humane comforts hath left me: I will not bee so base and colde, to liue and wayte the mercies of these men I hate: no, tis iust I dye; since *Fortune* hath left mee, my step discent attends mee: hand, strike thou home, I haue soule enough to guide; and let all know, as I stood a Queene, the same Ile fall, and one with mee.

She stabs the Prince with a knift.

Leu. Ho. *Isme.* How doe you sir?

Leu. Neerer my health, then I thinke any here, my tongue begins to faulter: what is man? or who would bee one, when he sees a poore weake Woman can in an instant make him none.

Dor. She is dead already.

Isme. Let her be damnd already as shee is: post all for Surgeants.

Leu. Let not a man stirre, for I am but dead:
I haue some few words which I would haue you heare,
And am afrayde I shall want breath to speake em:
First to you my Lords, you know *Ismenus* is
Vndoubtedly heyre of *Licia*, I doe beseech you all,
When I am dead to shew your duties to him,

Lords. We vow to do't.

Leu, I thanke you.
Next to you Couzen *Ismenus*, that shall be the *Duke*,
I pray you let the broken *Image* of *Cupid*
Be re-edified, I know all this is done by him.

Isme. It shall be so.

Leu, Last, I beseech you that my Mother-in-Law may haue a buriall according to——— *Dyes.*

Ismenus. To what sir?

Dor. There is a full poynt.

Isme. I will interpret for him; she shall haue buriall according to her owne deserts, with dogs.

Dor. I would your Maiestie would haste for setling of the people.

Isme. I am ready.

Agenor. Goe and let the Trumpets sound
Some mournefull thing, whilst we conuey the body
Of this vnhappy *Prince* vnto the Court,
And of that vertuous Virgin to a graue:
But dragge her to a ditch, where let her lye
Accurst, vvhilst one man has a memory. *Exeunt.*

Cupids Speech.

The time now of my Reuenge drawes neere;
Nor shall it lessen, as I am a *god*,
With all the cryes and prayers that haue beene;
And those that bee to come, tho they be infinite,
In neede and number.

FINIS.